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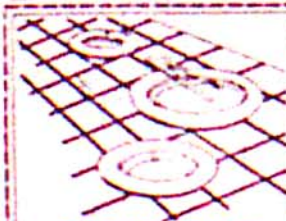
Fight Waste



Fight Waste



Fight Waste



CLEAN YOUR PLATE—
"FOOD FIGHTS
FOR FREEDOM"

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Fight FUEL Waste



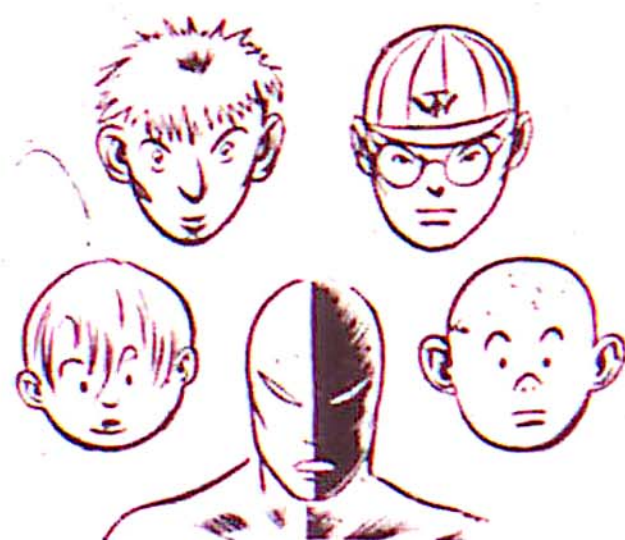
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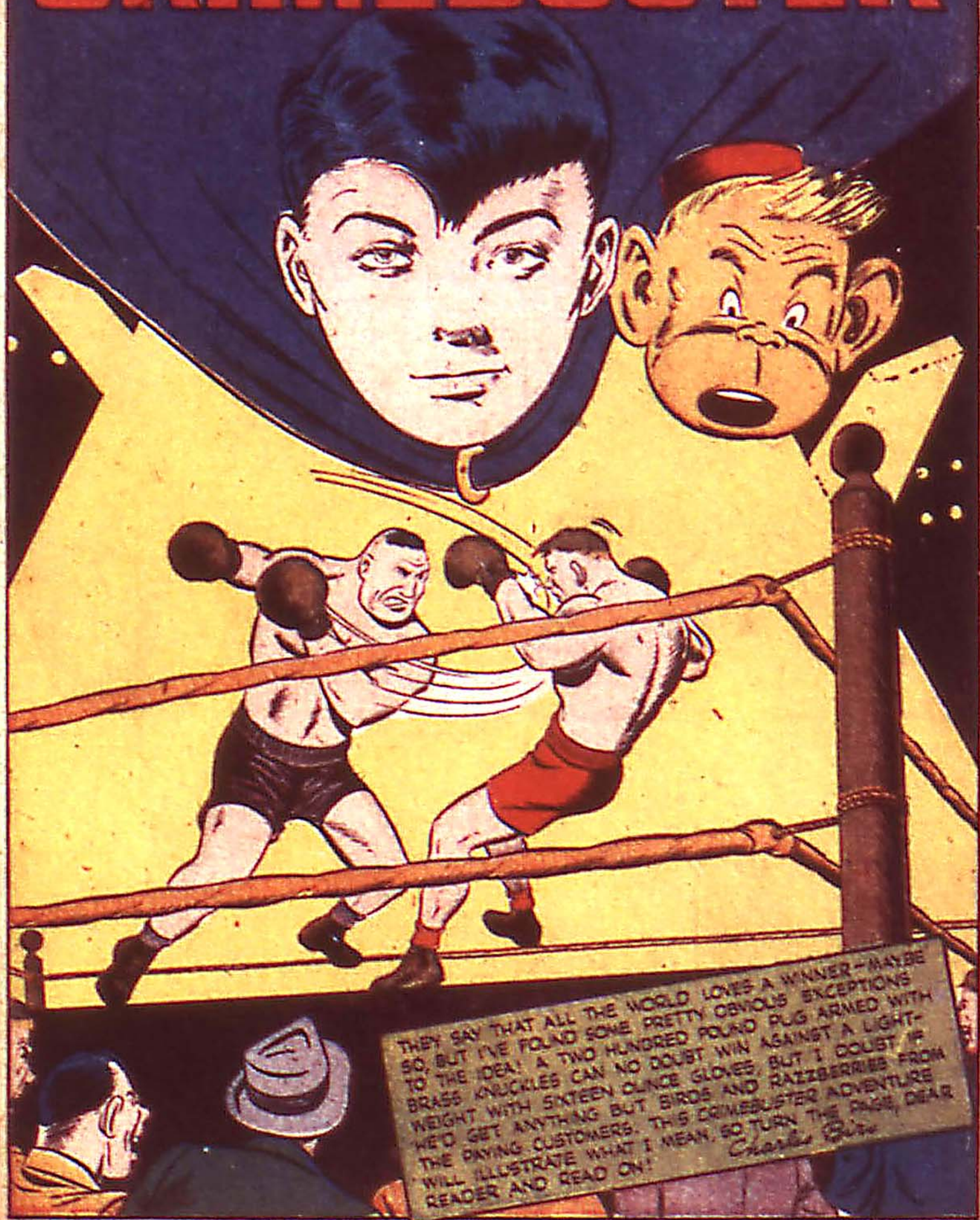
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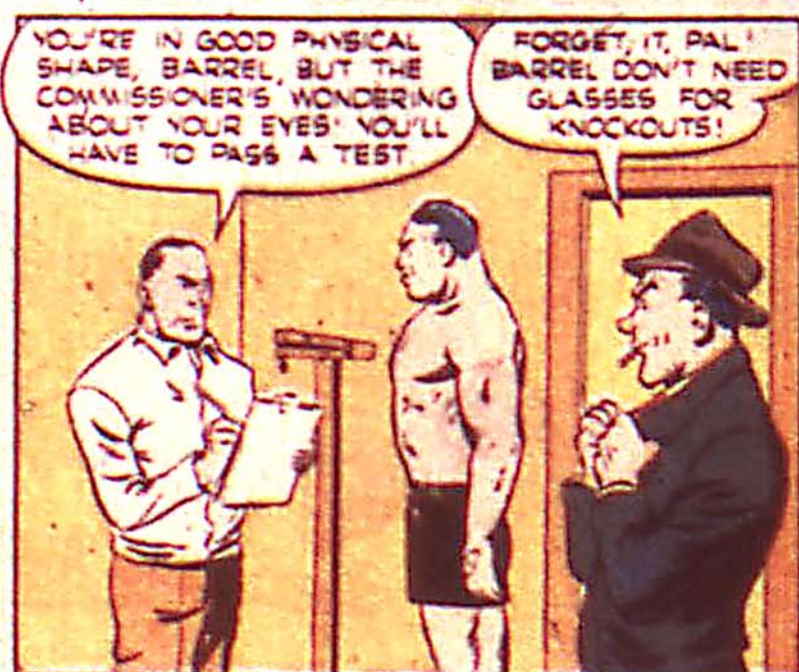


CRIMEBUSTER



THEY SAY THAT ALL THE WORLD LOVES A WINNER—MAYBE SO, BUT I'VE FOUND SOME PRETTY OBVIOUS EXCEPTIONS TO THE IDEA! A TWO HUNDRED POUND PUG ARMED WITH BRASS KNUCKLES CAN NO DOUBT WIN AGAINST A LIGHT-WEIGHT WITH SIXTEEN OUNCE GLOVES, BUT I DOUBT IF WE'D GET ANYTHING BUT BIRDS AND RAZZBERRIES FROM THE PAYING CUSTOMERS. THIS CRIMEBUSTER ADVENTURE WILL ILLUSTRATE WHAT I MEAN, SO TURN THE PAGE, DEAR READER AND READ ON!

Charles B. Williams







RIVERSIDE DRIVE AND EIGHTIETH, CABBIE!

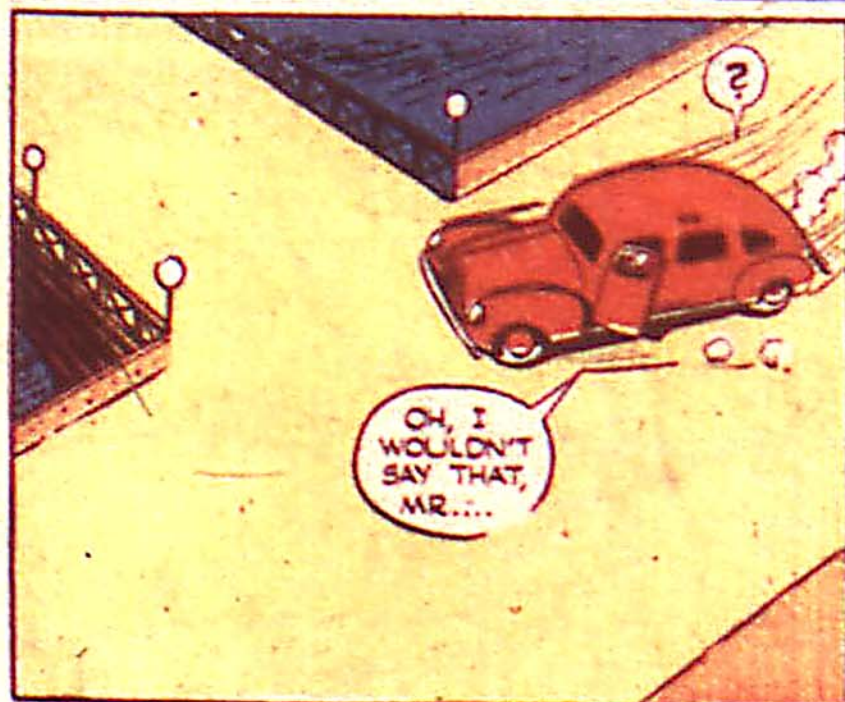
OKAY, COMMISSIONER!



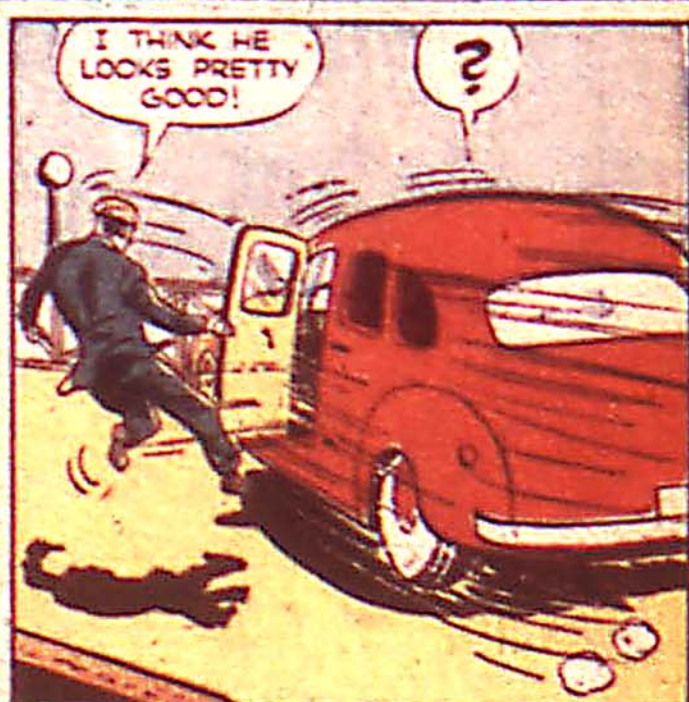
WHO'S GONNA WIN THE BIG FIGHT TONIGHT, COMMISSIONER?



NOBODY! THE MATCH HAS BEEN CANCELLED! BARREL RADCLIFF ISN'T IN PROPER CONDITION!



OH, I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, MR....



I THINK HE LOOKS PRETTY GOOD!



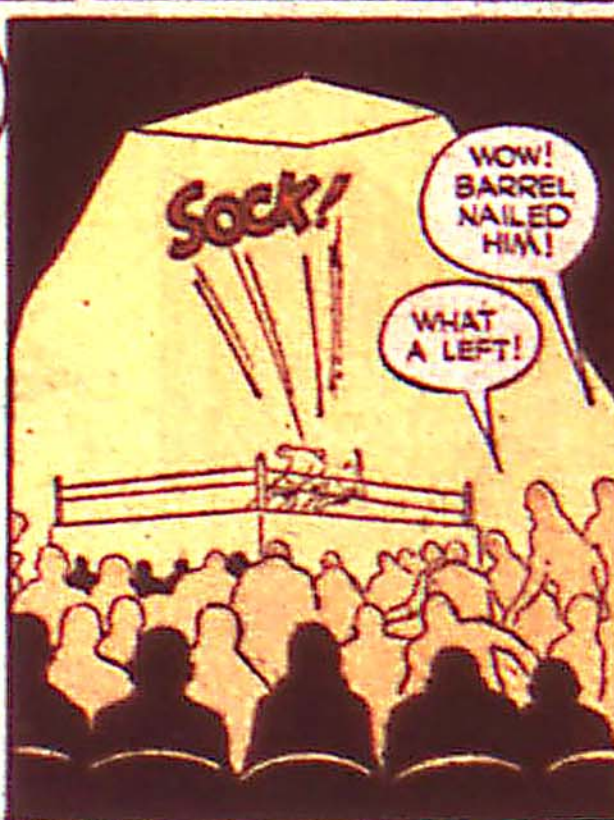
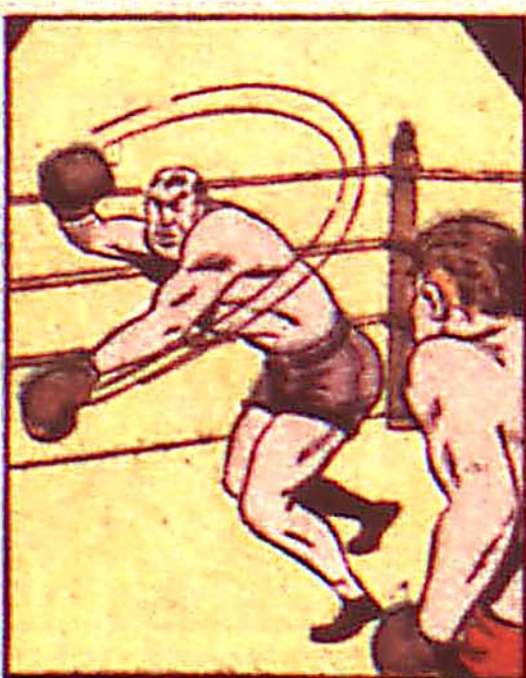
IN FACT HE'S GONNA WIN TONIGHT, PAL! HA, HA!



ALRIGHT, BARREL. WE HANDLE THIS BOUT THE SAME WAY AS USUAL. HOW DO YA FEEL?

RIGHT IN THE GROOVE, JOE!

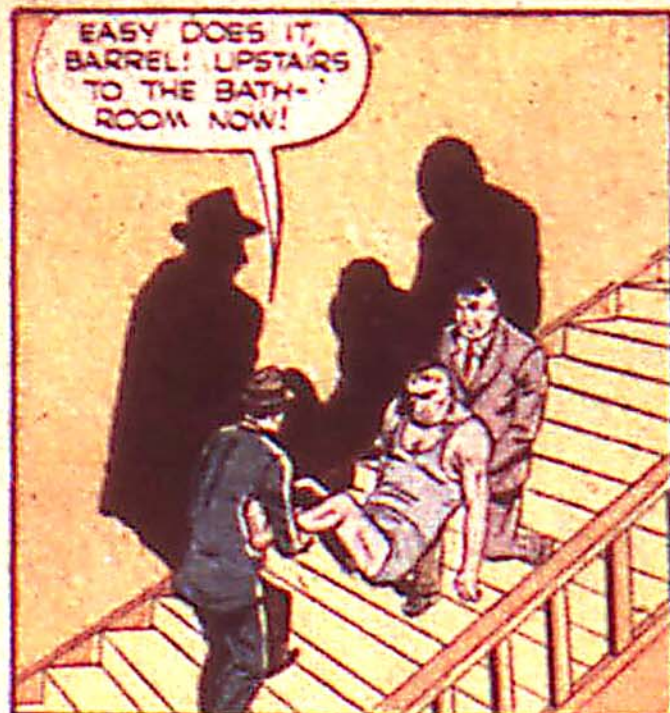
HEY, BOSS, HOW COME THE COMMISSIONER CHANGED HIS MIND SO SUDDEN LIKE!











EASY DOES IT, BARREL! UPSTAIRS TO THE BATH-ROOM NOW!



THAT'S FULL ENOUGH—NOW SLIP ON THAT PIECE OF SOAP!



PRETTY SMART OF THE BOSS, HUH?

YEAH—LOOKS JUST LIKE AN ACCIDENT!



BOYS, THERE IS GONNA BE A FIGHT TOMORROW!

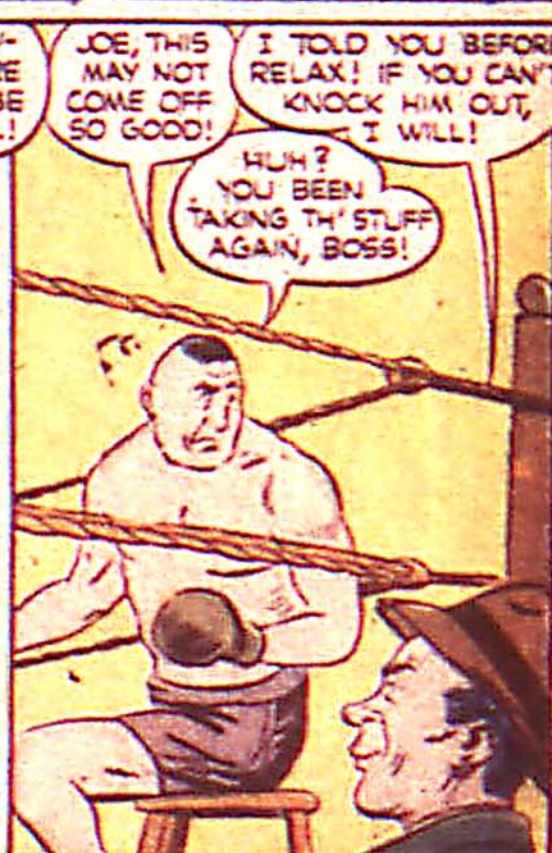


THE NEXT EVENING AT THE GARDEN... WELL, FOLKS, IT'S A MATTER OF SECONDS NOW! BOTH FIGHTERS ARE IN THEIR CORNERS! THE BARREL LOOKS A LITTLE NERVOUS TONIGHT!



LISTEN, PETE, I KNEW THIS BARREL BACK WHEN HE WAS NO BUNDER THAN I AM! I'LL BET IT'S A GAG TO GET GOOD ODDS!

YEAH! MAY-BE YOU'RE RIGHT! BE CAREFUL!

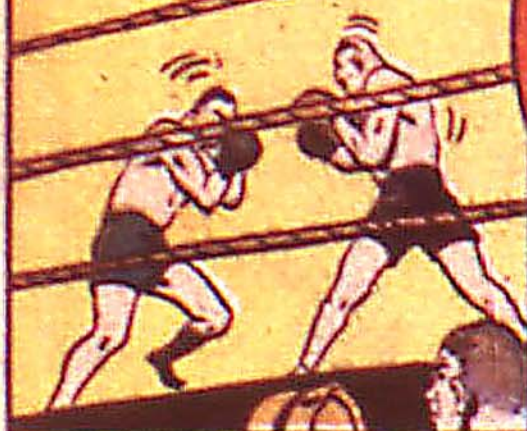


JOE, THIS MAY NOT COME OFF SO GOOD!

I TOLD YOU BEFORE, RELAX! IF YOU CAN'T KNOCK HIM OUT, I WILL!

HUH? YOU BEEN TAKING TH' STUFF AGAIN, BOSS!

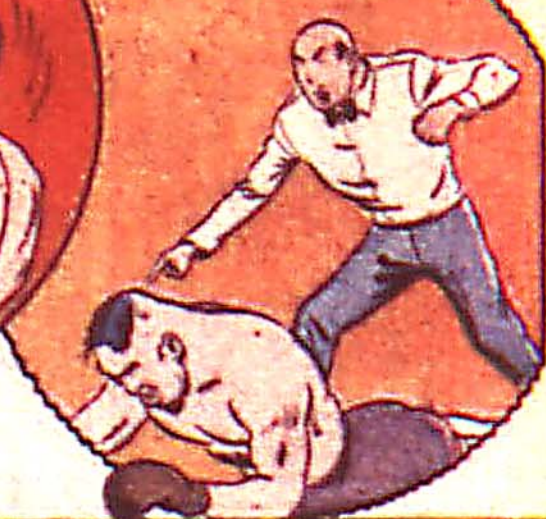
THERE'S THE
BELL AND BOTH
FIGHTERS COME TO
THE CENTER OF
THE RING!



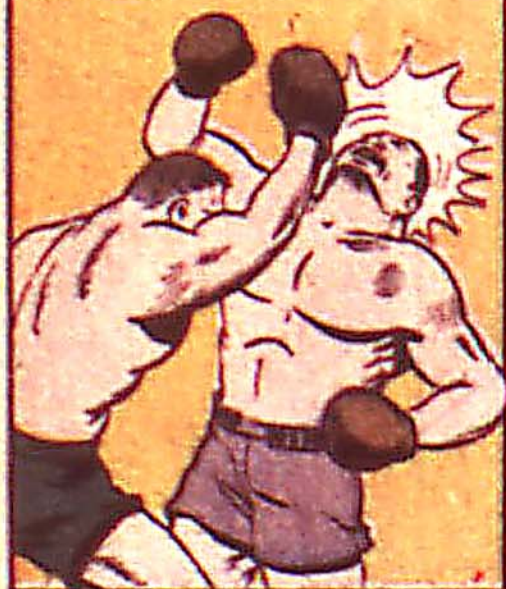
ROUND ONE — NELSON
FEINTS A RIGHT JAB —
BRINGS A HARD LEFT
HOOK TO BARREL'S
JAW —



ROUND TWO — A LEFT TO THE
BODY — TWO SHORT RIGHTS TO
THE HEAD, AND BARREL IS
DOWN!



ROUND THREE — A TERRIFIC
UPPERCUT STAGGERS BARREL
BADLY!



BARREL'S OUT
ON HIS FEET!
TAKE THIS AND
GET GOING
LIKE I TOLD
YA!



HEY!!
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THE
LIGHTS?

HEY,
LIGHTS!!



KEEP YOUR SEATS,
EVERYBODY! THE LIGHTS
WILL BE RESTORED IN A
MOMENT — THERE IS
NO NEED FOR
ALARM!



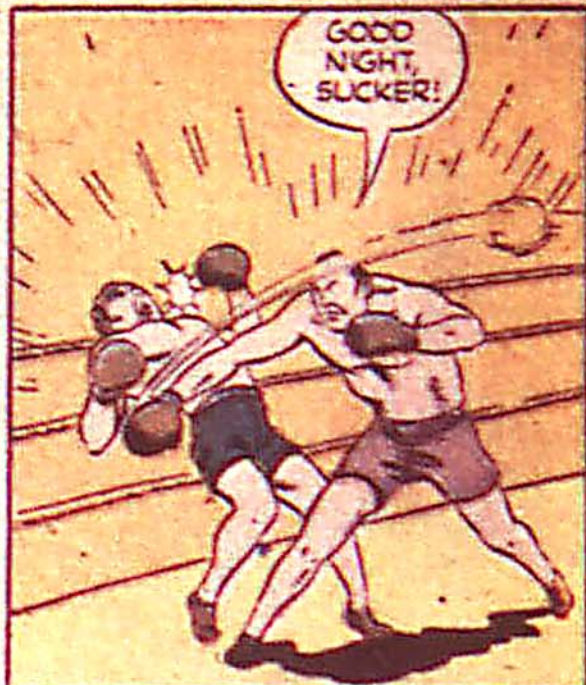


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, DUE TO THE LIGHTS GOING OUT, THE LAST ROUND WILL BE FOUGHT OVER!

C'MON, SQUEEKS!



G..GOSH! WHATSA MATTER? I..I..CAN HARDLY KEEP M...MY EYES OPEN...



GOOD NIGHT, SUCKER!



THE WINNAH! BARREL RADCLIFF!



PARDON ME, SIR, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME JUST WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS?

WHY...I DON'T KNOW, SON! I WAS HERE, AND SOMETHING STRUCK ME A TERRIBLE BLOW ON THE HEAD!



WHEN I CAME TO, THE LIGHTS WERE OUT, THE ELECTRICIANS JUST PUT NEW FUSES IN THE SOCKETS AND THEY WENT ON AGAIN!

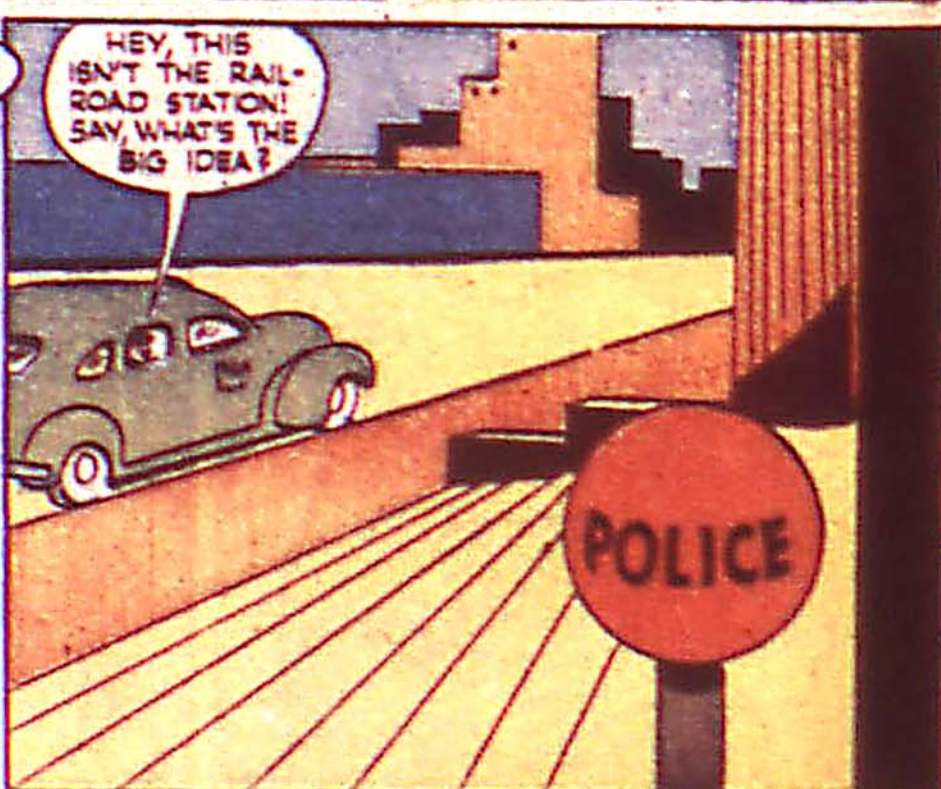
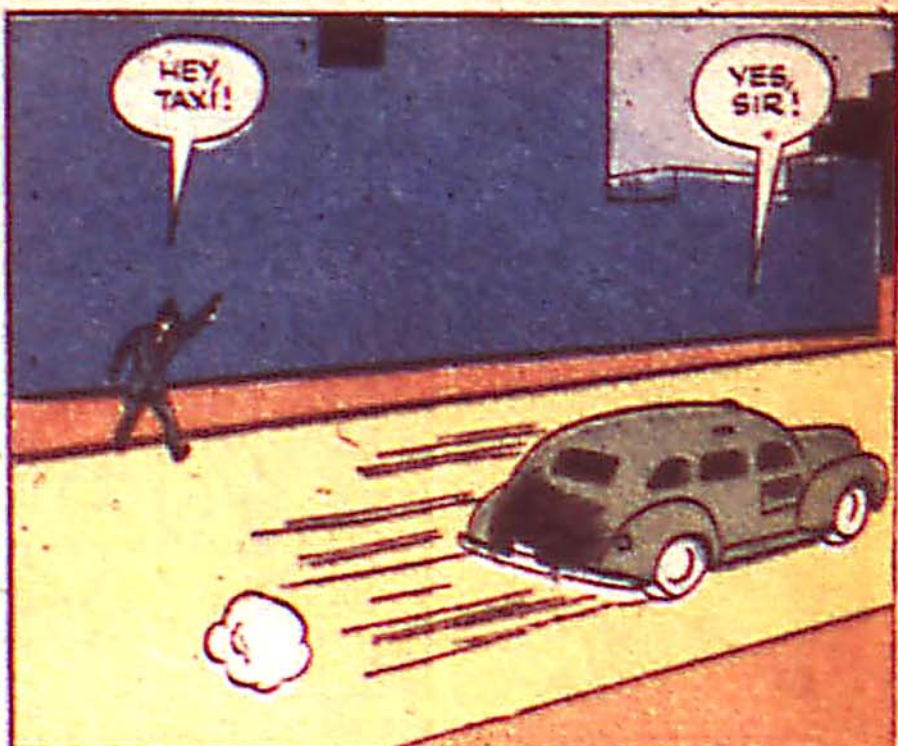


THESE ARE THE DAMAGED FUSES!

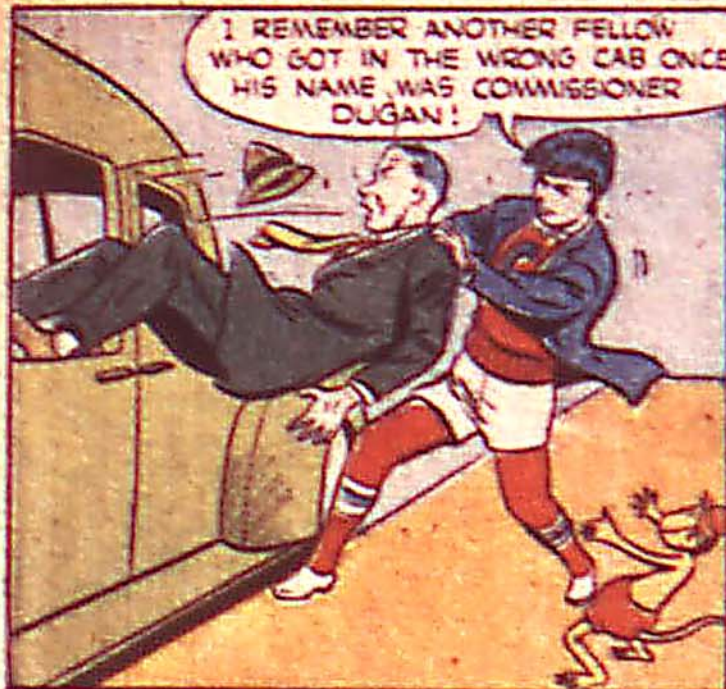


THEY'VE BEEN STEPPED ON, BUT THEY DIDN'T BLOW, AND I'LL BET THEY HAVE SOME SWEET FINGERPRINTS ON THEM, SQUEEKS!





1 REMEMBER ANOTHER FELLOW
WHO GOT IN THE WRONG CAB ONCE!
HIS NAME WAS COMMISSIONER
DUGAN!



WHY YOU FRESH YOUNG
PUNK! I'LL HAVE YOUR
HACK LICENSE
FOR THIS!



TUT, TUT,
MR. TRAVERS—
TAKE ANOTHER
LOOK!



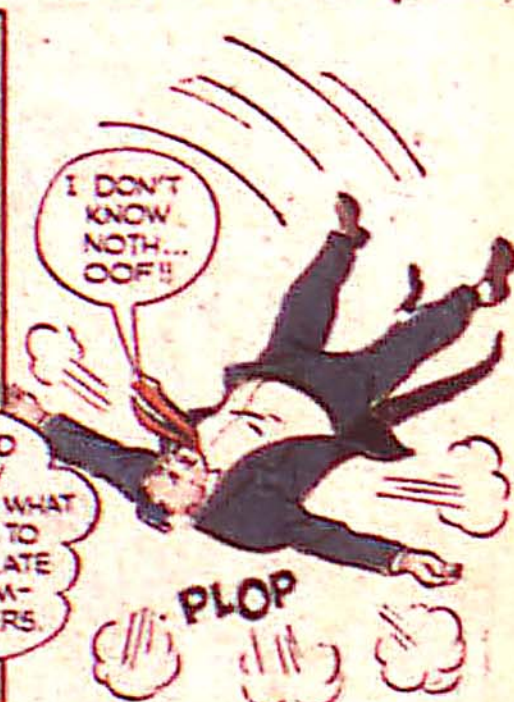
CRIMEBUSTER!
WHY YOU...

CAN'T WE SIT THIS
ONE OUT AND JUST
TALK, TRAVERS. I'D
LIKE TO HEAR ALL
ABOUT YOU!



YOU COULD
START BY
TELLING ME WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE TWO LATE
FIGHT COM-
MISSIONERS.

I DON'T
KNOW
NOTH...
OOF!!



PLOP

OW!
OUCH!

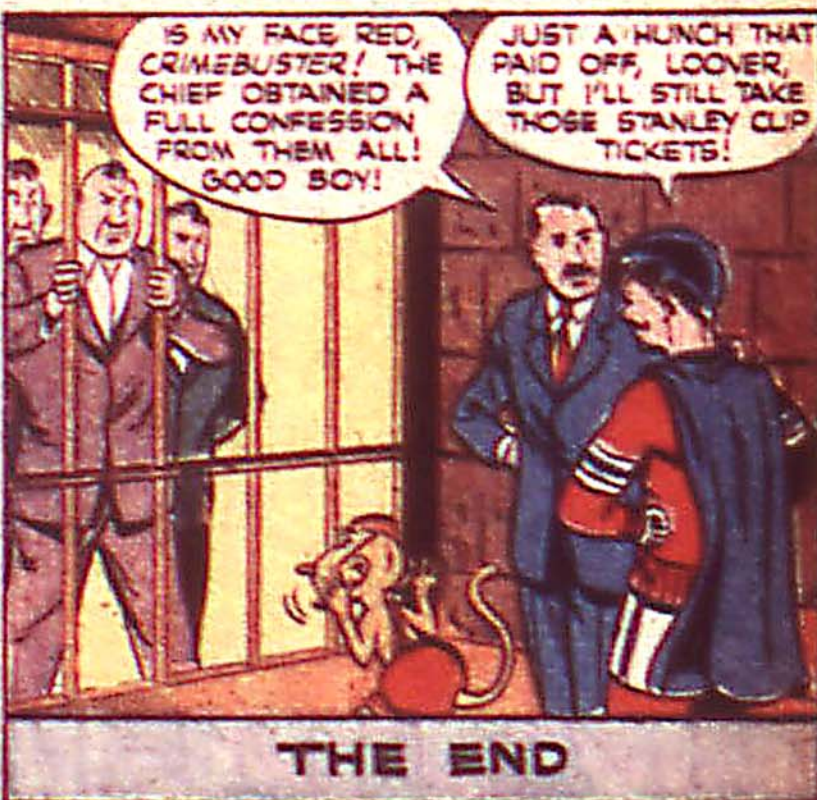
TSK, TSK, ONE
OF YOU BOYS
BETTER CALL
A COP!

I'D STOP IT,
BUT I DON'T
GO ON DUTY
'TIL FIVE
O'CLOCK!



MEET MANAGER JOE TRAVERS,
CAPTAIN! HE FINALLY DECIDED
TO GIVE YOU A PRIVATE INTER-
VIEW! MEANWHILE, SEND OUT
A GENERAL ALARM TO ALL
CARS! TELL THEM TO...





Swoop STORM

SO YOU SEE, WINKIE,
THE EARTH REPELLING RAYS
STRIKE THE GROUND AND LOWER
THE PARACHUTER DOWN AS SLOW
OR AS FAST AS HE WISHES....
HIS DESCENT IS KEPT LEVEL
BY THE FLAPS BUILT INTO
HIS FLYING SUIT!

GEE! GOSH,
SWOOP-- THAT'S
A SWELL
INVENTION!



JINKERS!
WHEN YOU
GOING TO TRY
IT OUT
SWOOP?

SOON... SH-H-H--
I HAVE TO ASK DICKIE
DEAN SOME QUESTIONS
ON IT.. THE MACHINE
IS A MINIATURE TO
THE ONE HE HAS IN
HIS SKY BUGGY

SWELL! DICKIE
SAYS AS LONG AS MY
STABILIZATION FLAPS
ARE BIG ENOUGH....
..... I SHOULDN'T
HAVE ANY TROUBLE...
LET'S GO!

GREAT!



MEANWHILE...
NOT FAR AWAY
FROM
SWOOP'S SECRET
LABORATORY

TERRIFIC!!...
I HEARD HIM
SPEAKING TO DEAN...
....IT'S SOME SORT
OF NEW PARACHUTE
....AND HE'S TRYING
IT OUT NOW!

WALDO,
THIS WILL
BE A GREAT
DAY!

WITH OUR
HELICOPTER HIDDEN
NEARBY AND SWOOP
SUBDUED NO ONE
CAN STOP US

I COULD
MENTION A FEW
INCIDENTS THAT
COULD PROVE YOU
WERE, CHUBBY..

JINKERS!
ACCIDENTS COULD
HAPPEN TO ANYONE

NOT THE
KIND YOU HAVE...
O.K. NOW I WANT TO
GET PLENTY OF
ALTITUDE FOR
THIS JUMP...

YOU'LL HAVE TO
PILOT ONCE I
BAIL OUT, WINKIE...
SO I'M USING AN OLD
CRATE THAT'S
EASY TO
FLY!

AW SHUCKS...
YOU TALK
LIKE I WAS A
PUNK PILOT
OR SOMETHING!

JEEPS!
I SURE HOPE
NOTHING GOES
WRONG!

HERE I GO...
TAKE THE SHIP
RIGHT BACK AND
LAND HER ONCE
YOU SEE ME
LAND SAFELY..

YOU BET!





SHE'S ON!



WOW!
IT WORKS!
WHAT A
DREAM CHUTE



IT GOES
FAST.....
OR SLOW..



BOY! I FEEL
JUST LIKE
A POGO STICK..

WHAT TERRIFIC
POSSIBILITIES....IF A
FELLOW WAS OVER
WATER HE COULD STEER
HIMSELF LONG ENOUGH
TO GET TO SHORE...
OR EVEN STAY UP
FOR AN HOUR
OR SO!

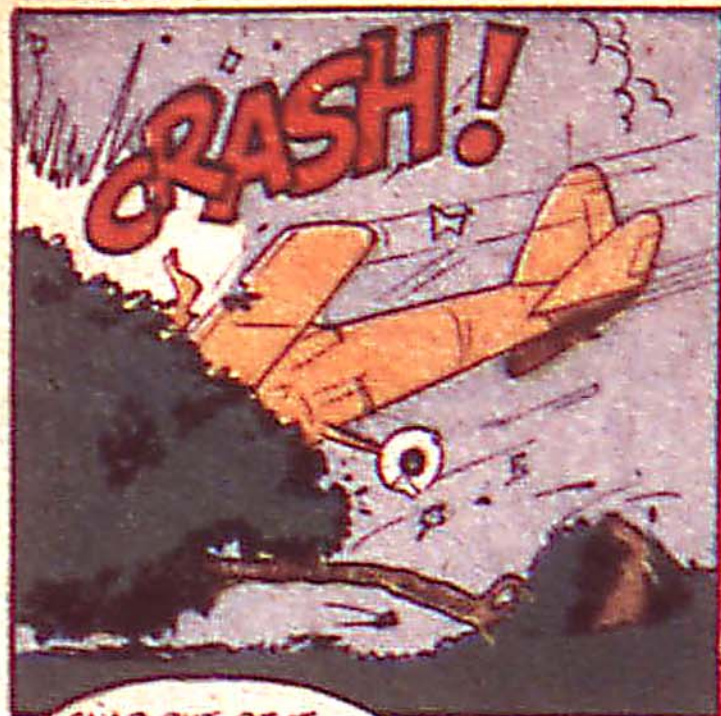


LEAPING
CATFISH!

THAT WAS WONDERFUL
....GUESS SWOOP
WON'T MIND IF I
GO DOWN AND
TAKE A CLOSER
LOOK!



WUP!



WINKIE!!
WINKIE ARE
YOU ALRIGHT?

HUH.
OH-I-
I GUESS
SO.

SNAP OUT OF IT
FAST...MY INVENTION
HAS BEEN STOLEN...
THOSE LUGS IN THE
HELICOPTER...WE'VE
GOT TO OVERTAKE THEM
WITH ANOTHER
PLANE!

S-SURE...
YOU BET -
SWOOP...

THE BLACK ARROW
HAS GUNS LOADED...
THIS IS THE BUGGY
TO USE...

IMAGINE THE
NERVE OF THOSE CROOKS
COMING RIGHT INTO MY
OWN BACK YARD TO SWIPE
AN INVENTION...WONDER
HOW THEY FOUND OUT
ABOUT IT..

JEEPS...
I DONT KNOW
... BUT WELL
FIX 'EM

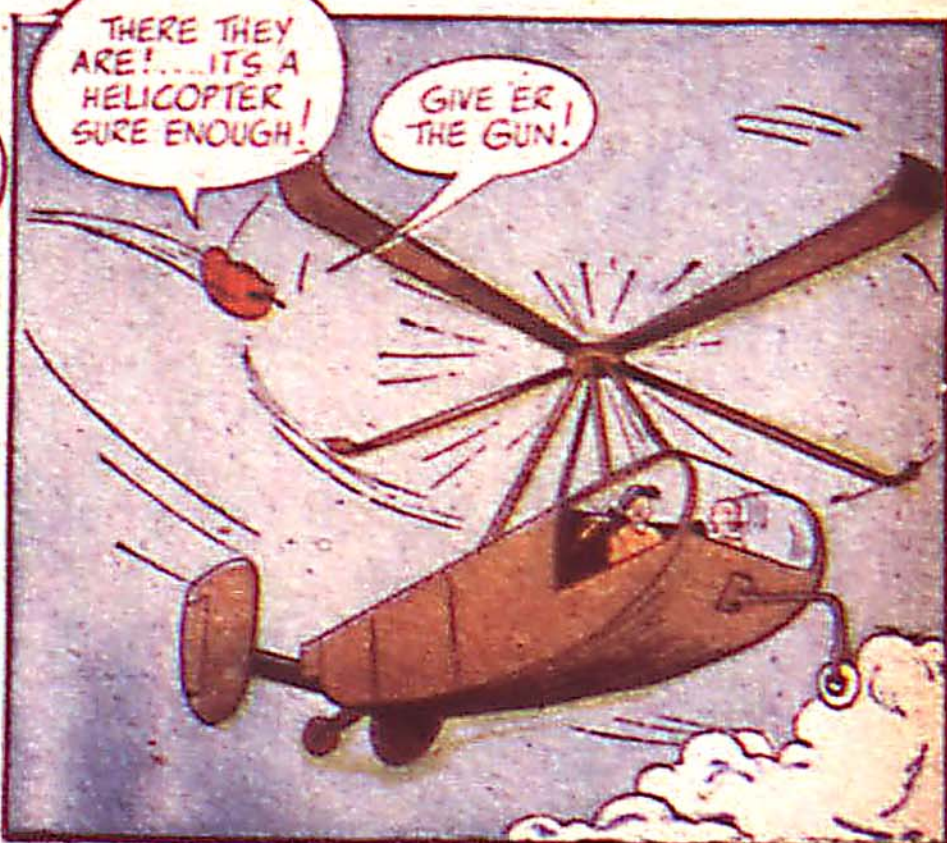


SEE
ANYTHING?

'NOPE...
NOT A SIGHT
OF 'EM...

THERE THEY
ARE!...IT'S A
HELICOPTER
SURE ENOUGH!

GIVE 'ER
THE GUN!



I'LL CONK THEIR
MOTOR OUT SO
FAST THEY WON'T
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED!

MAYBE THEY
ARE JAP AGENTS
I'LL BET..

STEAL MY
MAGNET CHUTE
WILL YOU?

YE GADS
HE'S USING
MY CHUTE!

YOU GOT
'EM PERFECT,
SWOOP.

YES, BUT LOOK...
ONE OF THEM IS
STARTING TO
BAIL OUT

SO LONG,
WALDO.....
THERE'S ONLY
ONE CHUTE
SORRY..

LOOK, WINKIE,
HE HASN'T GOT THE
FLAPS... HE WON'T
FALL RIGHT.

GOSH! HE'S
GOING DOWN
LIKE A ROLLER
COASTER..

WELL THAT'S
THAT! ---I'LL SEND
THE POLICE FOR
HIS BODY.... BUT I
CAN TELL YOU NOW
I'LL HAVE TO BUILD
ANOTHER
CHUTE

GOLLY!
SO WHAT,
SWOOP... AT
LEAST YOU
GOT RID OF
A COUPLE OF
SPIES ANYWAY..

THE End

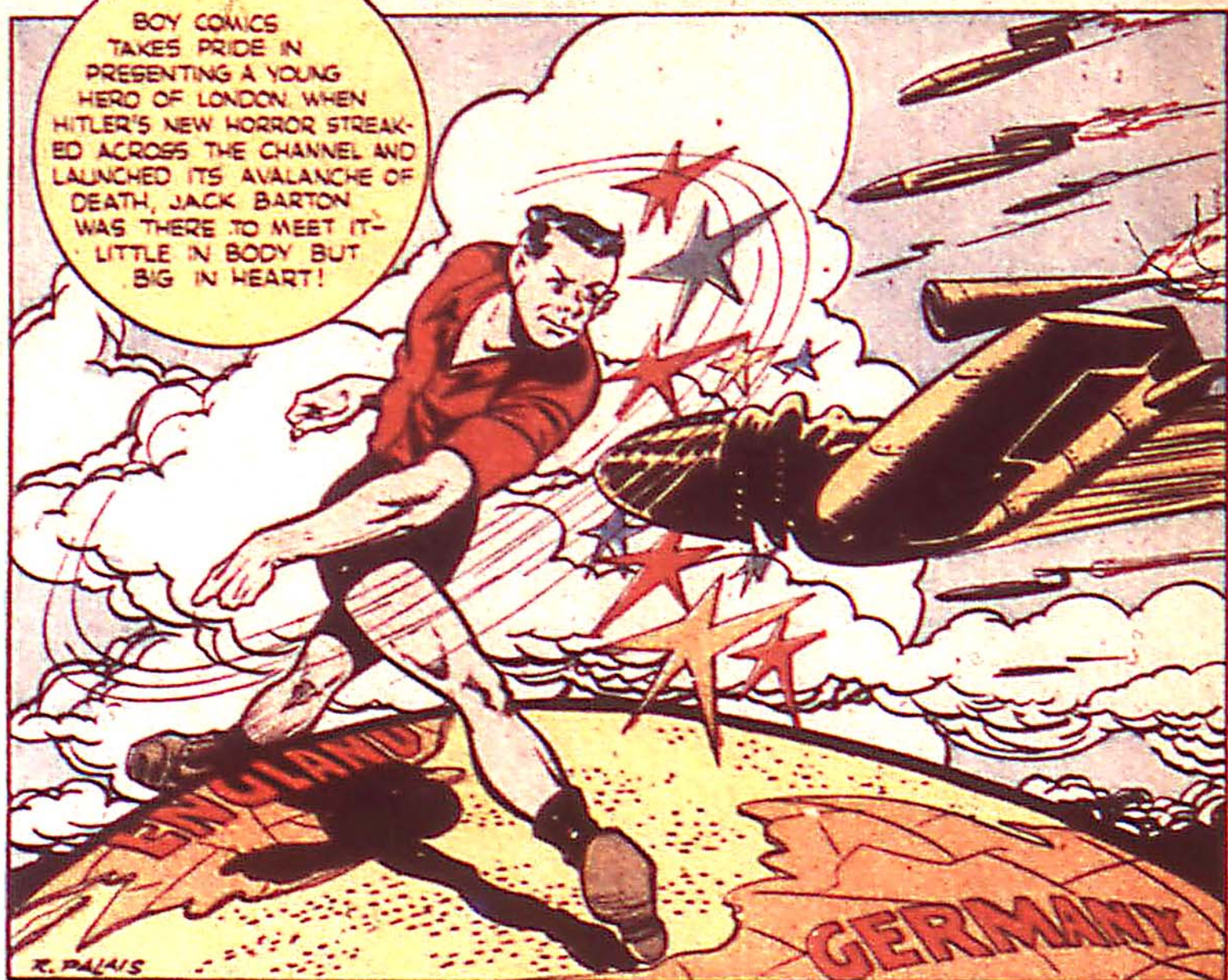
**BOY
COMICS'**

HERO

OF THE MONTH

A
TRUE
STORY

BOY COMICS
TAKES PRIDE IN
PRESENTING A YOUNG
HERO OF LONDON. WHEN
HITLER'S NEW HORROR STREAK-
ED ACROSS THE CHANNEL AND
LAUNCHED ITS AVALANCHE OF
DEATH, JACK BARTON
WAS THERE TO MEET IT—
LITTLE IN BODY BUT
BIG IN HEART!



OUR SCENE, ENGLAND AT NOON, AUGUST, 1944...

IT'S NICE OUT
TONIGHT—SO DIFFER-
ENT FROM THOSE
HORRID YEARS BACK
WHEN THE NAZIS
WERE BOMBING
US!

GEE I WISH I WAS
OLD ENOUGH TO FIGHT...
I'D LIKE TO HAVE A
PART IN TEACHING
THEM A LESSON!



LOOK, MOTHER!
WHAT AN ODD
LOOKING AIRPLANE!
IT DOESN'T LOOK
LIKE ONE OF
OURS AT ALL!

WHY, THERE
SEEMS TO BE
FIRE COMING
OUT OF ITS
TAIL!

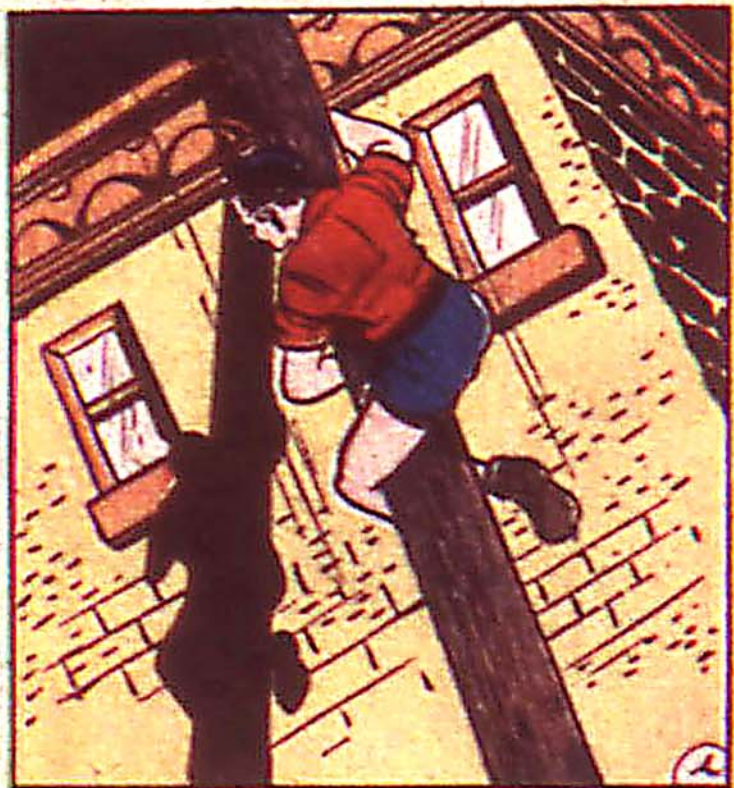
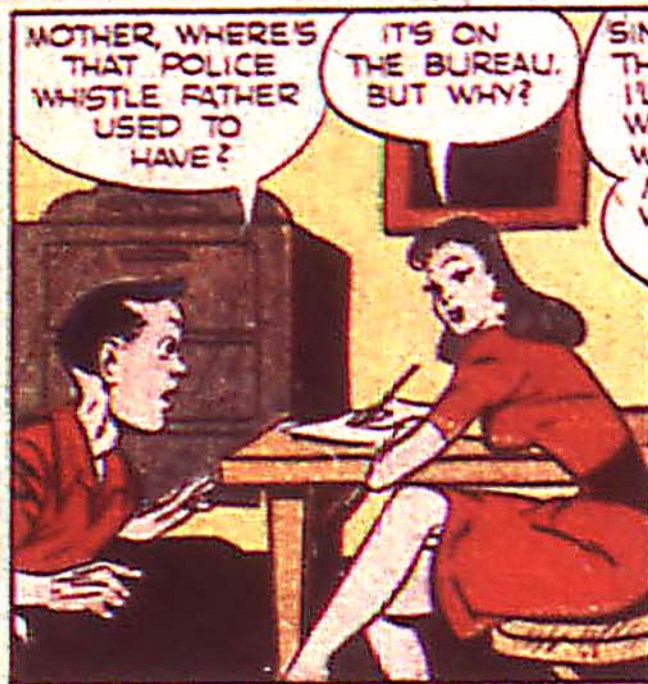






A FIERCE SHRIEK AND THE BUZZ BOMB BURSTS!





SEE, MOTHER,
IT'S PERFECTLY
SAFE! I JUST
SLIDE DOWN MY
POLE AND HIDE
LIKE THE
OTHERS!

WMMM...WELL,
I GUESS SO
BUT BE
CAREFUL!

AND SO IT WAS THAT IN THE WEEKS TO FOLLOW,
YOUNG JACK BARTON GUARDED THE RESIDENTS OF HIS
NEIGHBORHOOD...

THERE'S THE
WHISTLE—TO
THE SHELTER!

THAT BARTON SURE
IS GRAND! HE
GUARDS US ALL
DAY!

TWEET
TWEET

BUT THEN A BUZZ BOMB LEFT ITS RAMP ON THE SHORES OF FRANCE...



HIGH INTO THE SKY IT CLIMBED,
OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

AND HEADED TOWARD LONDON
A HEAVY CLOUD OVERCAST ABOVE
THE CITY...

YOUNG BARTON COULDN'T SEE
IT AS IT PLUNGED INTO THE
CLOUD ABOVE HIM.

GOOD LUCK TODAY!
THERE HAVEN'T BEEN
ANY BUZZERS IN THIS
NEIGHBORHOOD!



THEN IT SUDDENLY STREAKED EARTHWARD
TOWARD HIS VERY NEIGHBORHOOD...



THE STREETS CLEARED AS HE BLEW
FRANTICALLY ON HIS WHISTLE...



YES, YOUNG BARTON IS DEAD! HE WAS
KILLED DOING A DUTY HE THRUST UPON
HIMSELF. WE SALUTE YOU, JACK BARTON
AND YOUR COURAGE SHALL NOT BE FORGOTTEN!



DAREDEVIL MEETS DOWNTOWN DAN

By DICK WOOD

DOWNTOWN DAN smiled at himself in the mirror and patted the round bulge in his coat. He was tall, slim and well dressed in a flashy sort of way, but then everything Dan did was flashy. Ever since he could remember things had come easy to him and he had made no pretense of hiding his satisfaction to the world. Of course, like anyone else he had had his ups and downs. Being a crook wasn't easy, no matter how clever anyone was at it. But of all the mobsters in the big town there were none who lived better than he, Dan knew. Even the big boys were frightened of this dapper killer and well they might be for Dan believed firmly that dead men tell no tales. He kept at all times in his pocket twelve small knives. Knives that he could throw in a split second with uncanny accuracy.

When he first moved in on the rackets, the boys had laughed at his choice of weapon. What chance, they reasoned, would small knives have against forty-fives and tommy guns. Downtown Dan soon changed their minds. It only took a few gun fights for them to discover that Dan could penetrate a man's heart with a knife almost before the man could bring up his gun. His body was one blur of speed when he went into action and the knives sang through the air like arrows. Yes, this suave killer had plenty of reason to be confident of his ability and that was why he smiled once more as he went out into the night and headed uptown.

Inspector Crane frowned as he pointed to a row of knives on the desk before *Daredevil* and himself.

"There they are, *Daredevil* . . . six of the deadliest weapons I've ever seen. And each one has taken the life of an important man in the steel business."

Daredevil picked up one of the knives and studied it carefully. It was a hand made weapon delicately balanced and of no set design. It was quite obvious that the killer had

gone to great lengths to make sure the weapons could never be traced. It was also plain that the killer knew his business, for each knife, though crudely constructed, was balanced perfectly.

"You say each one of the murdered men was working on a special steel formula," *Daredevil* said. "A secret, I suppose?"

Inspector Crane perked up. "Secret, I'll say it's a secret. They've discovered something that will give steel ten times its normal strength and reduce it to a third of its original weight. It makes all the alloys look sick in comparison but the tests aren't finished and these men being killed are the only ones that understand it well enough to complete it."

"How many more men are familiar with it?" *Daredevil* asked.

"Ten, and I'm having them followed day and night but that doesn't mean a thing . . . the last two killed were under my protection, also and look at what happened to them. I tell you, *Daredevil* some enemy country has employed a native knife thrower for this job and he's so devilishly clever I'm beginning to wonder what we can do about it."

Daredevil pocketed one of the knives and turned to the Inspector. "I'm keeping a sample, if you'll give me the list of names next in line, I'll get to work on this at once." *Daredevil* took the paper the Inspector handed him and hesitated.

"Another thing," he said. "No island native could be doing this . . . someone would have noticed his presence by this time. Have your men keep their eyes open for a tall, well dressed man."

Far into the night *Daredevil* studied the list of steel men Inspector Crane had given him. He also studied another list that he had taken from the Inspector's office. A list of the murdered men's names together with all the data headquarters had been able to obtain on them. There was no doubt about

the fact that the killer had chosen his men in the order of their importance to the industry. Those who had been working on the steel development first had been murdered first. Thus it was that before morning broke *Daredevil* had made his plans. If the killer kept to his policy there was only one man that should be next, Mr. Raymond Fiske. Fiske had worked on the steel formula two years longer than the remaining others and had been in the steel business for years.

It was just 6 A.M. when *Daredevil* called the Inspector on the phone. "Hello, Inspector," he said wearily. "Just wanted to let you know that I'm covering Raymond Fiske."

"Go ahead," the Inspector replied. "I've already got two men watching him but another won't hurt, of course." He paused a moment, "by the way, *Daredevil*, what makes you so sure our killer is a tall, well dressed man?"

"Don't be silly," *Daredevil* chuckled, "he would have to be tall to throw those knives over people's heads. Some of the victims were murdered in the midst of groups of people. I'm sure he was well dressed or he couldn't have mingled as freely with the victim's friends . . . good night, or rather, good morning."

It was just midnight when *Daredevil* crept up to the Fiske estate in Westchester. He could see a gay party proceeding through the large French doors and outside on the lawn two dark shadows told him that Inspector Crane's men were on guard. A lot of good they'll do there, he thought. The killer, whoever he was, had an inside ticket to murder and was sure to be with the party.

At one of the large French windows *Daredevil* stopped and peered inside. For ten minutes his eyes swept the room carefully, scrutinizing everyone there. There was only one face that was at all familiar. That of a tall, slender, rather good-looking young man. *Daredevil* couldn't quite recall where he had seen the man before, but somewhere in the deep recesses of his mind his memory was stirred.

His eyes were on Mr. Fiske now, watching his every move. Even a killer of the knife thrower's daring wouldn't attempt to murder a man in the middle of such a gathering as this. He would wait until his victim stepped aside even if only for a moment, to accomplish his crime. Two doors on the other side

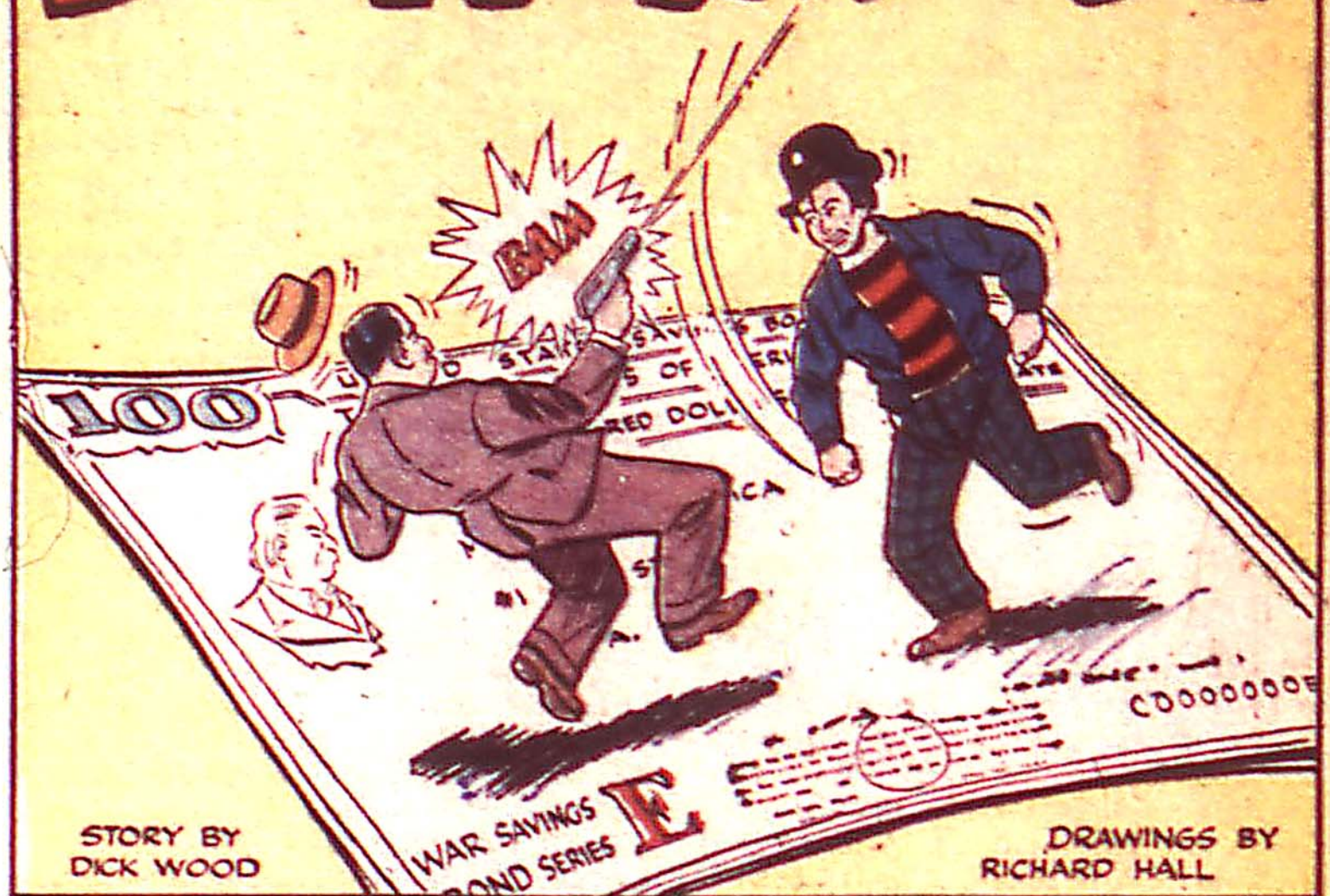
of the room opened onto a porch and Fiske was passing through these now. *Daredevil* moved softly around the house and watched him squash out a cigarette on the stone porch flooring. Suddenly up above a window opened quietly. Glancing up *Daredevil* saw the shadow of a man at the window. The man's hand moved toward his inside coat pocket and came out clutching several knife-like objects. In an instant *Daredevil* was in action. He knew now who that man was inside. It was Downtown Dan. The man who carried sudden death in his inside coat pocket. With the grace of a panther *Daredevil* snatched up a nearby couch pillow and hurled it straight at Mr. Fiske's body. As the pillow flew toward Fiske, three dark objects smacked into it and stuck. Downtown Dan had been cheated by one-tenth of a second. *Daredevil* was moving now. His slim body scaled the porch wall and with one leap he plummeted through the window where the killer had been. He reasoned right that Dan would not return back to the party. Not when someone had spotted his plot and foiled it. Along a dark corridor *Daredevil* ran . . . then suddenly ducked low. A knife whistled through the air, tore off part of his shirt and slammed into the wall. *Daredevil* crouched low, then sprang into the darkness of the room the knife had come from. His body hit something soft and a curse rang out at his shoulder. Downtown Dan was no softy. He stepped back into the darkness and slammed two vicious fists at the figure before him. Off balance, *Daredevil* staggered and slipped into a corner. Dan's hand flickered and a steel-pointed knife skinned past *Daredevil's* head. The darkness alone had saved America's ace crime cracker. Another low curse, and as *Daredevil* regained his feet, Dan dashed into the hall. Suddenly a floor rug slipped away as his foot struck it and the killer crashed to the floor and remained still.

Sometime later in Inspector Crane's office *Daredevil* handed a bloodstained knife to the Inspector.

"This is the last item to your collection," he said. "Downtown Dan was employed by enemy agents. When he stumbled at Fiske's home one of his own knives was in his hand and it went right through his heart."

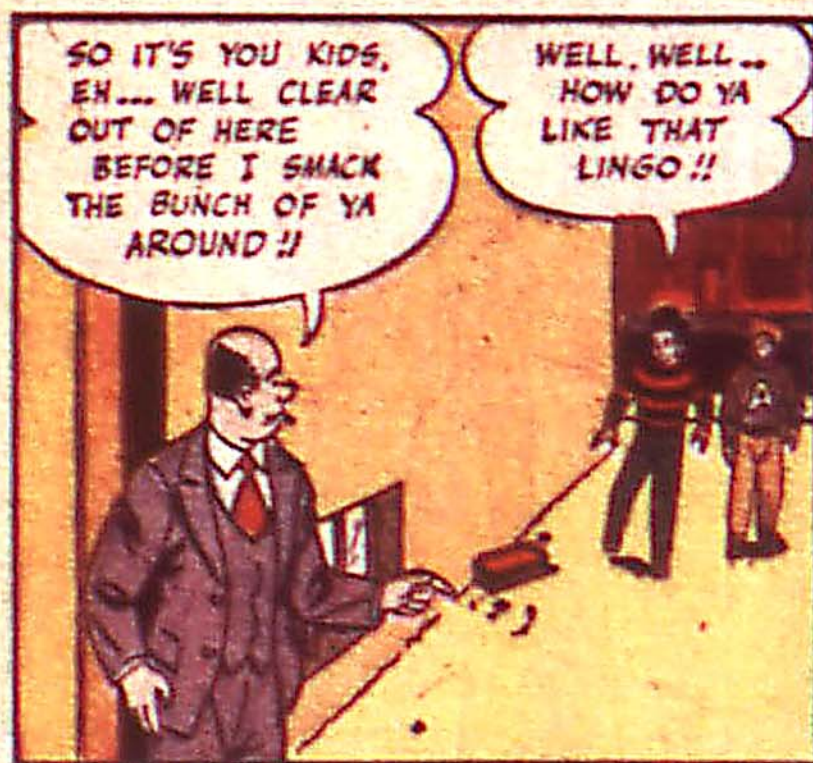
"Can you beat that," the inspector replied, "the guy was accurate with his knives even on himself."

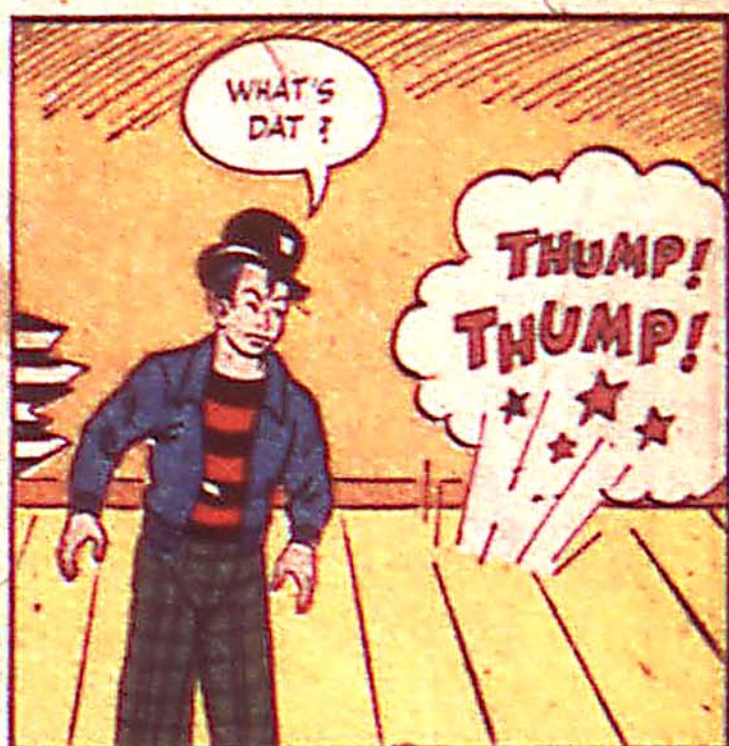
LITTLE DYNAMITE

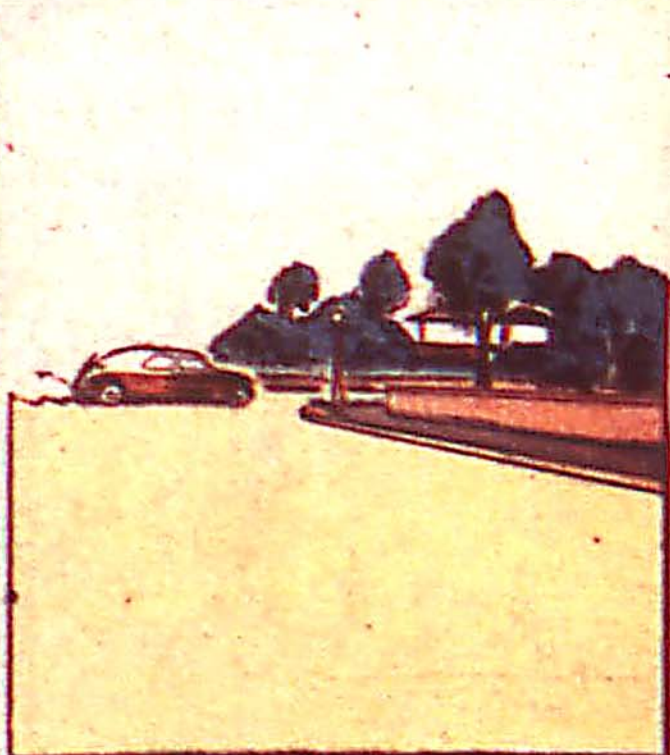


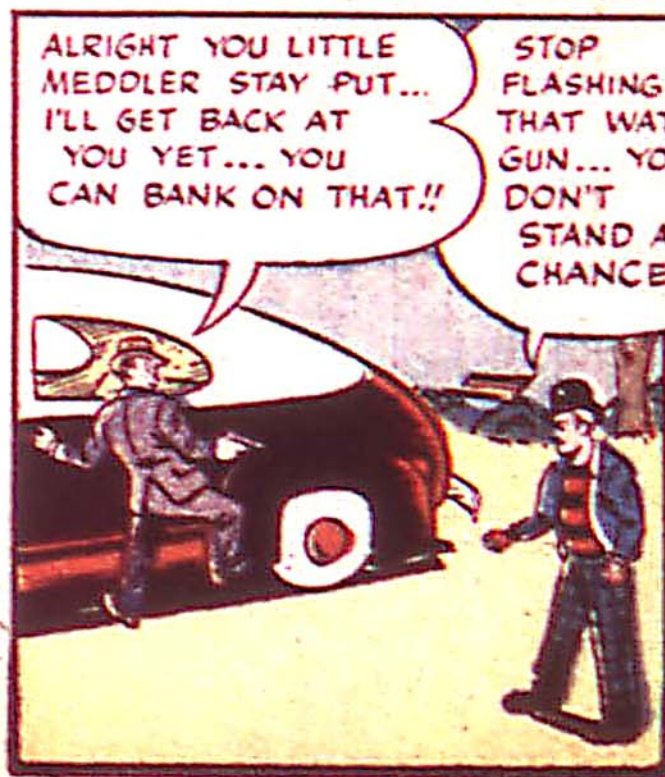
AT DYNAMITE'S HEADQUARTERS...

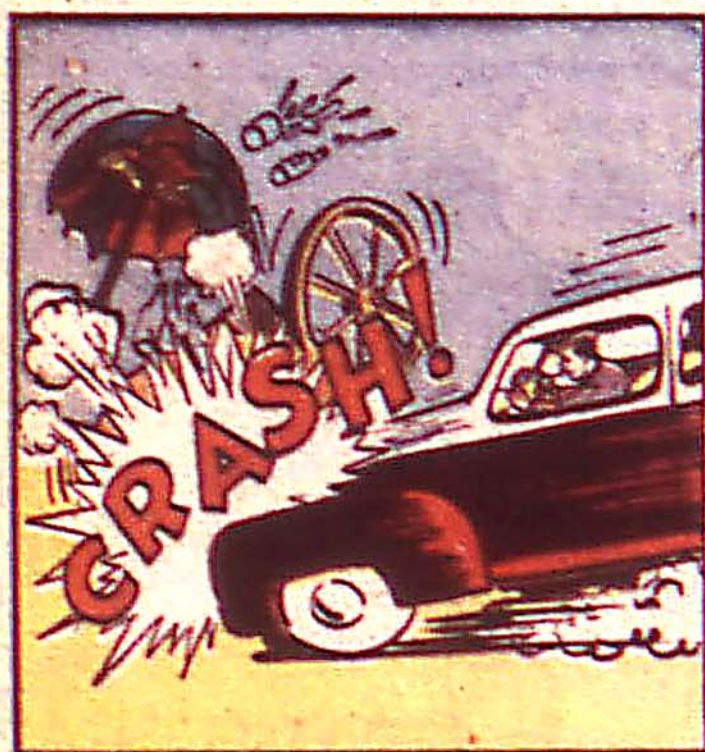
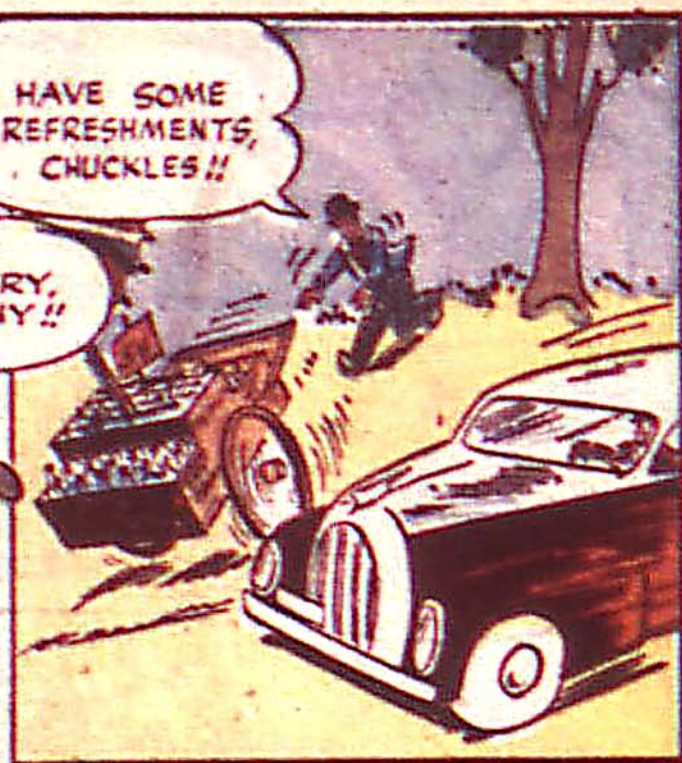






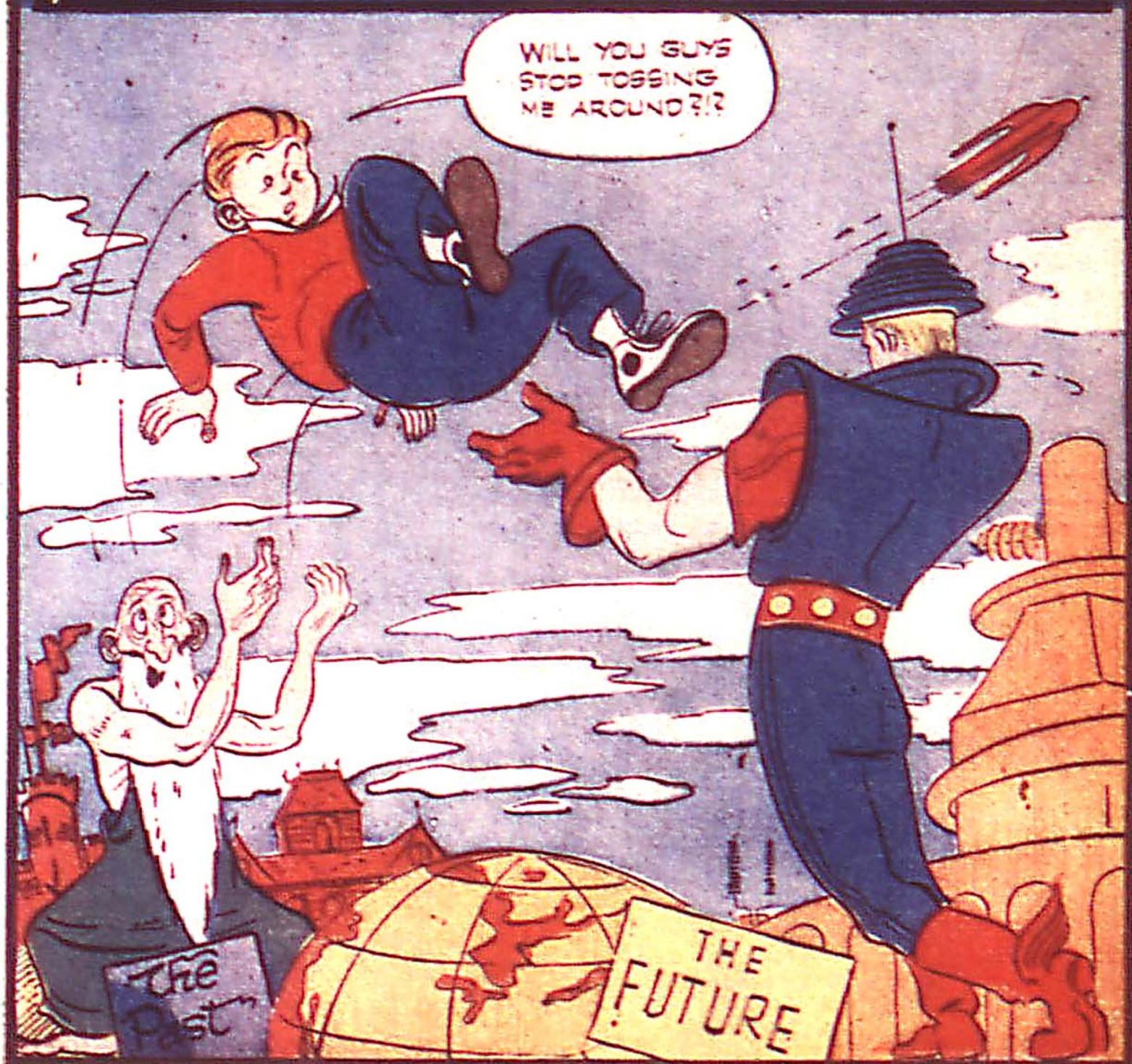


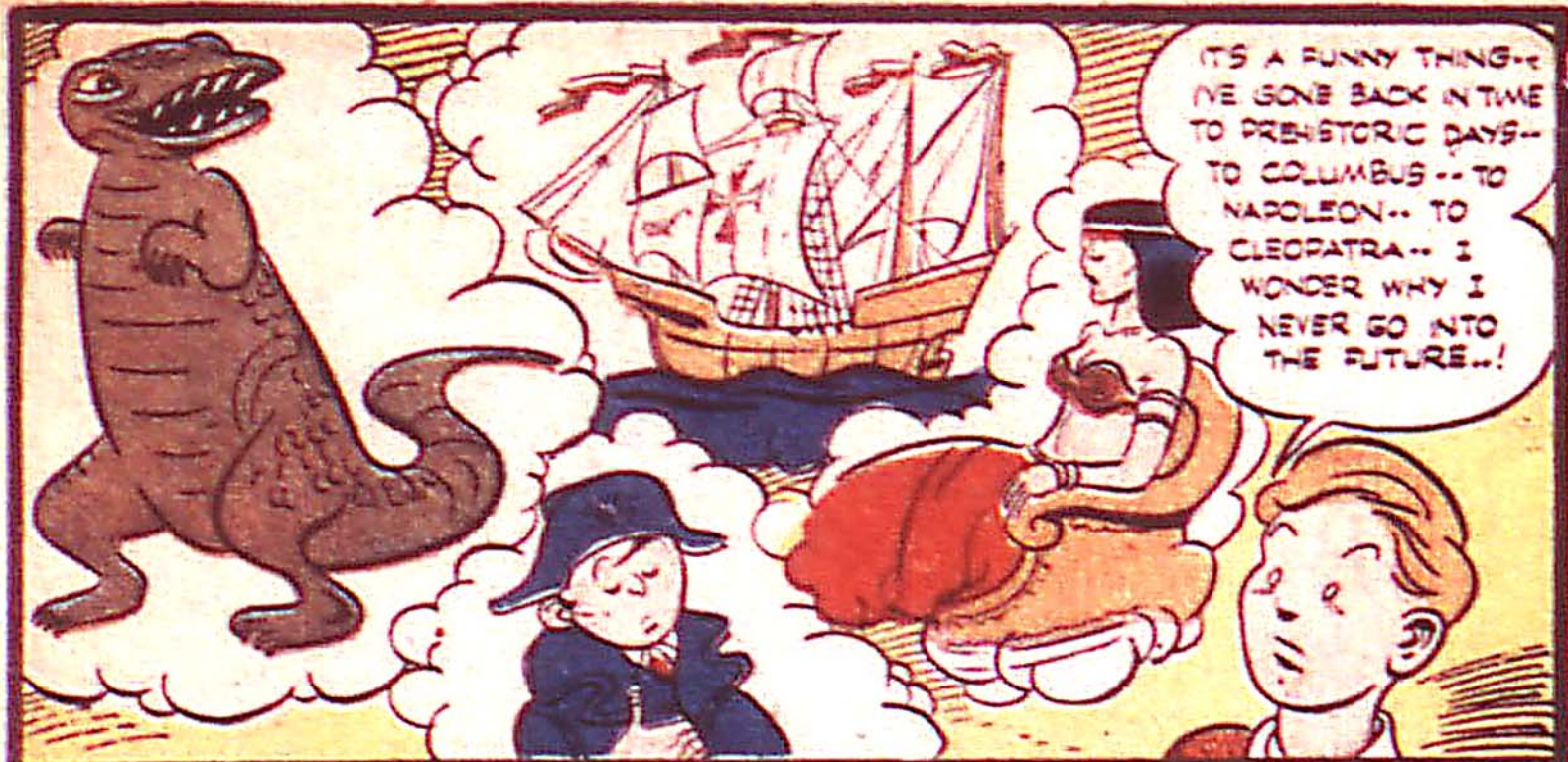




Yankee Longqaqo

The Boy of To-day in the Land of Yesterday.
by Doc Barker





IT'S A FUNNY THING--
I'VE GONE BACK IN TIME
TO PREHISTORIC DAYS--
TO COLUMBUS-- TO
NAPOLEON-- TO
CLEOPATRA-- I
WONDER WHY I
NEVER GO INTO
THE FUTURE--!

I GUESS WHAT'S TO BE IS TO BE AN'
WHAT'S NOT TO BE AINT TO BE. OH,
WELL, I'D BETTER GO OVER AN' SEE
WHAT PROFESSOR BUGGS WANTS
ME FOR.



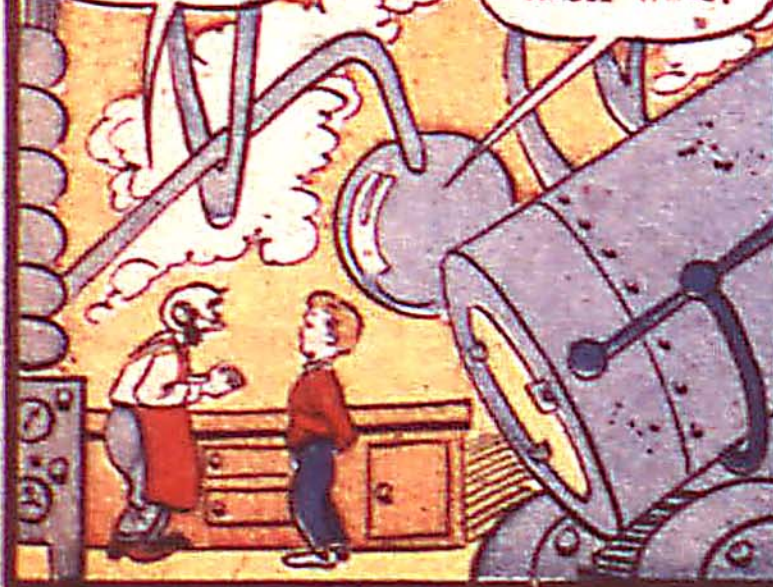
AH, YANKEE! YOU'RE
RIGHT ON TIME! I'M
GLAD YOU REMEMBERED
OUR APPOINTMENT.

YOU WANTED ME
TO HELP YOU. NOW,
PROFESSOR BUGGS?



FIRST OF ALL, YOU'VE BEEN
TELLING ME YOU TRAVEL BACK
IN TIME. NOW JUST HOW DO
YOU DO IT?

WELL, I DON'T
REALLY GO BACK.
I GUESS THAT
I DREAM THE
WHOLE THING.



OH-- A DREAM, EH? WELL, I HAVE
SOMETHING BETTER THAN THAT!
HOW WOULD YOU REALLY LIKE
TO GO BACK IN
TIME?

HUH?
REALLY?
HOW?



HOW? LOOK! I HAVE INVENTED A MACHINE THAT WILL TRANSMIT A PERSON TO PAST AGES. WHERE AND WHEN DO YOU WANT TO GO TO?

I WANT TO GO HOME!

COME BACK, YANKEE! YOU MUST DO THIS FOR SCIENCE! YOU'RE THE ONLY BOY WITH IMAGINATION ENOUGH TO ATTEMPT THIS!

AFTER 2 HOURS OF SALES TALK--

OK! OK! I'LL DO IT! BUT YOU MUST TELL MY TEACHER MY ABSENCE MUST BE EXCUSED!

CERTAINLY! I'LL CALL THE PRINCIPAL RIGHT NOW. HE'LL BE PROUD OF YOU!

NOW WHERE IN THE PAST WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO? I MUST SET THE DIALS.

WELL, I'D LIKE TO VISIT LEONARDO DA VINCI, THE GREAT ARTIST AND INVENTOR.

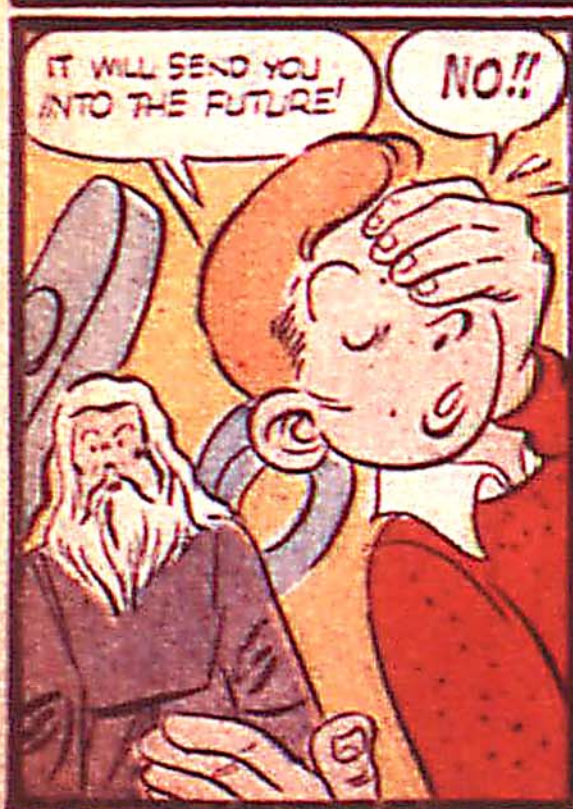
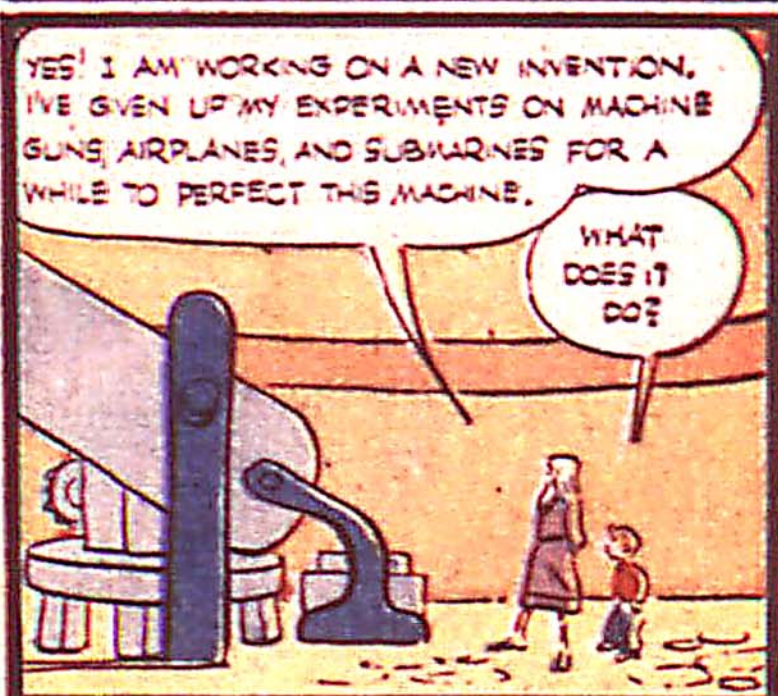
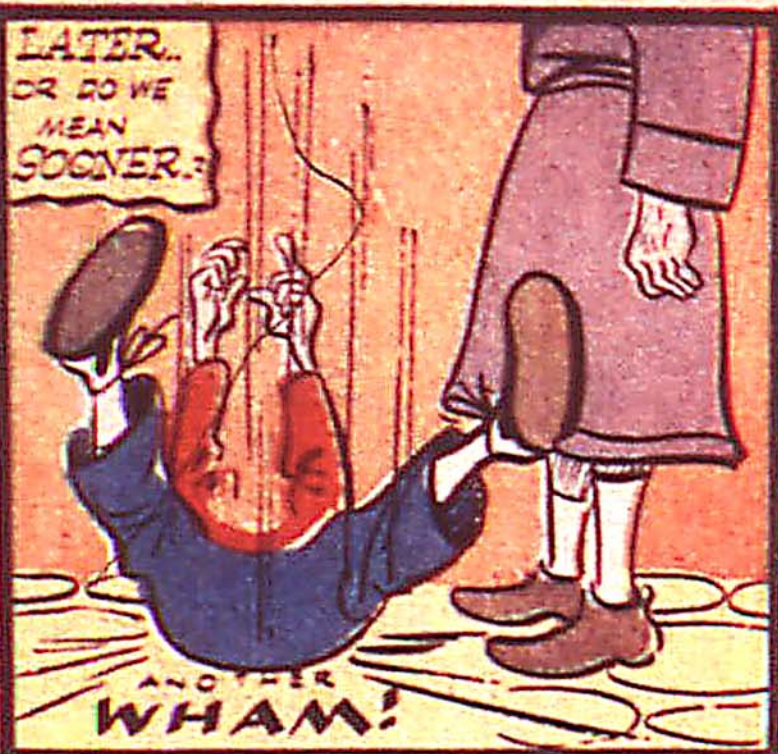
LEONARDO DA VINCI-- FLORENCE, ITALY--ABOUT 1492-- SAY! MAYBE YOU'LL RUN INTO COLUMBUS THERE TOO!

GOOD BYE, GOOD BOY! YOU AND I WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY FOR THIS!

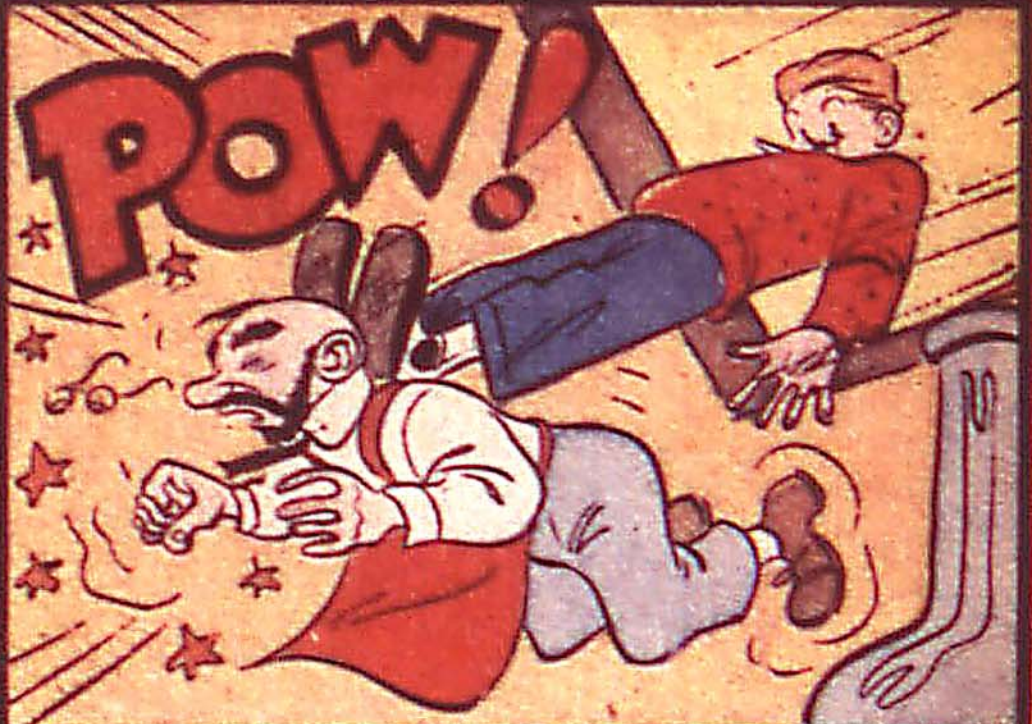
YOU AND I SHOULD LIVE SO!

GET IN!

I'M IN! WHAT'S NEXT?



AH! I CAN JUST PICTURE
HIM NOW-- SITTING TALKING
TO LEONARDO DA VINCI --
WAY BACK IN THE
FIFTEENTH CENTURY!

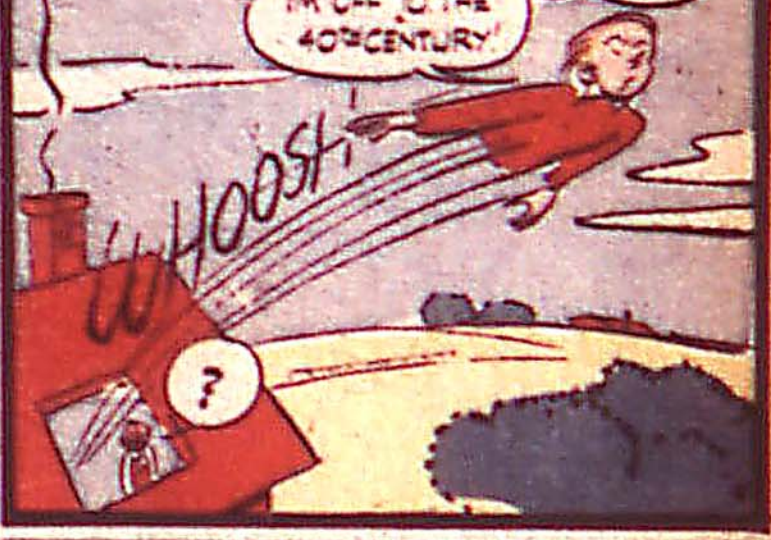


WHAT HAPPENED? YOU'RE
BACK AGAIN! I DIDN'T
TOUCH THE MACHINE, AND
YOU'RE BACK AGAIN!

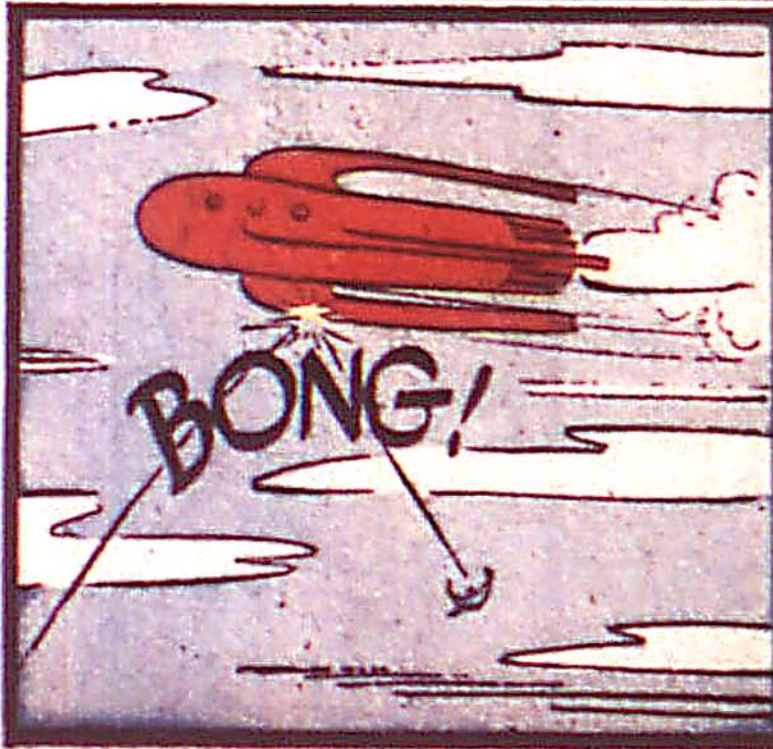
THAT'S RIGHT!
LET ME TELL YOU
ALL ABOUT IT!
I WAS --



THAT DA VINCI IS TOO LITERAL!
HE ALLOWED ME TO STAY IN
1945 ONLY A MINUTE! NOW
I'M OFF TO THE
40TH CENTURY!



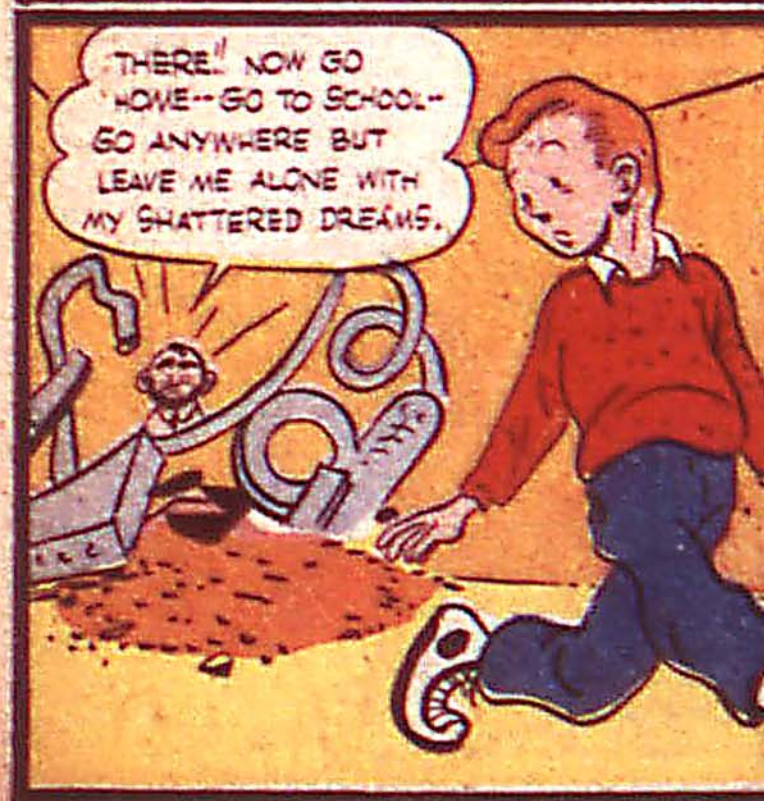
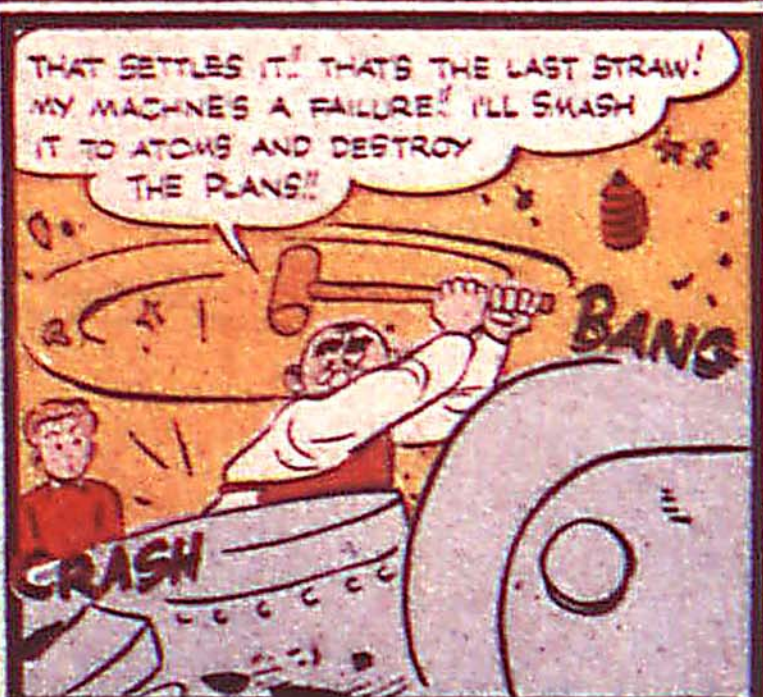
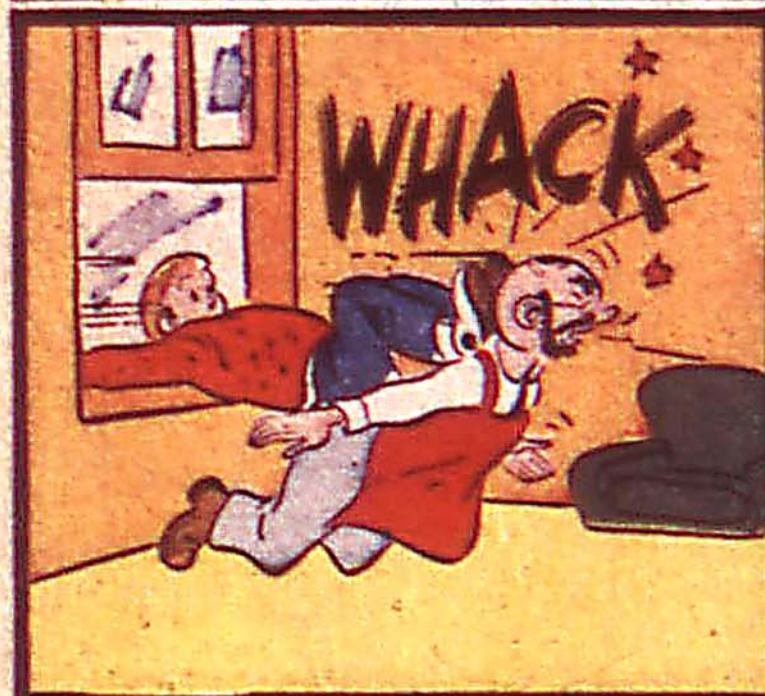
BONG!



JUST THE
PERSON
WE NEED!

YES, I24, JUST
THE PERSON WE
NEED FOR OUR
EXPERIMENT!

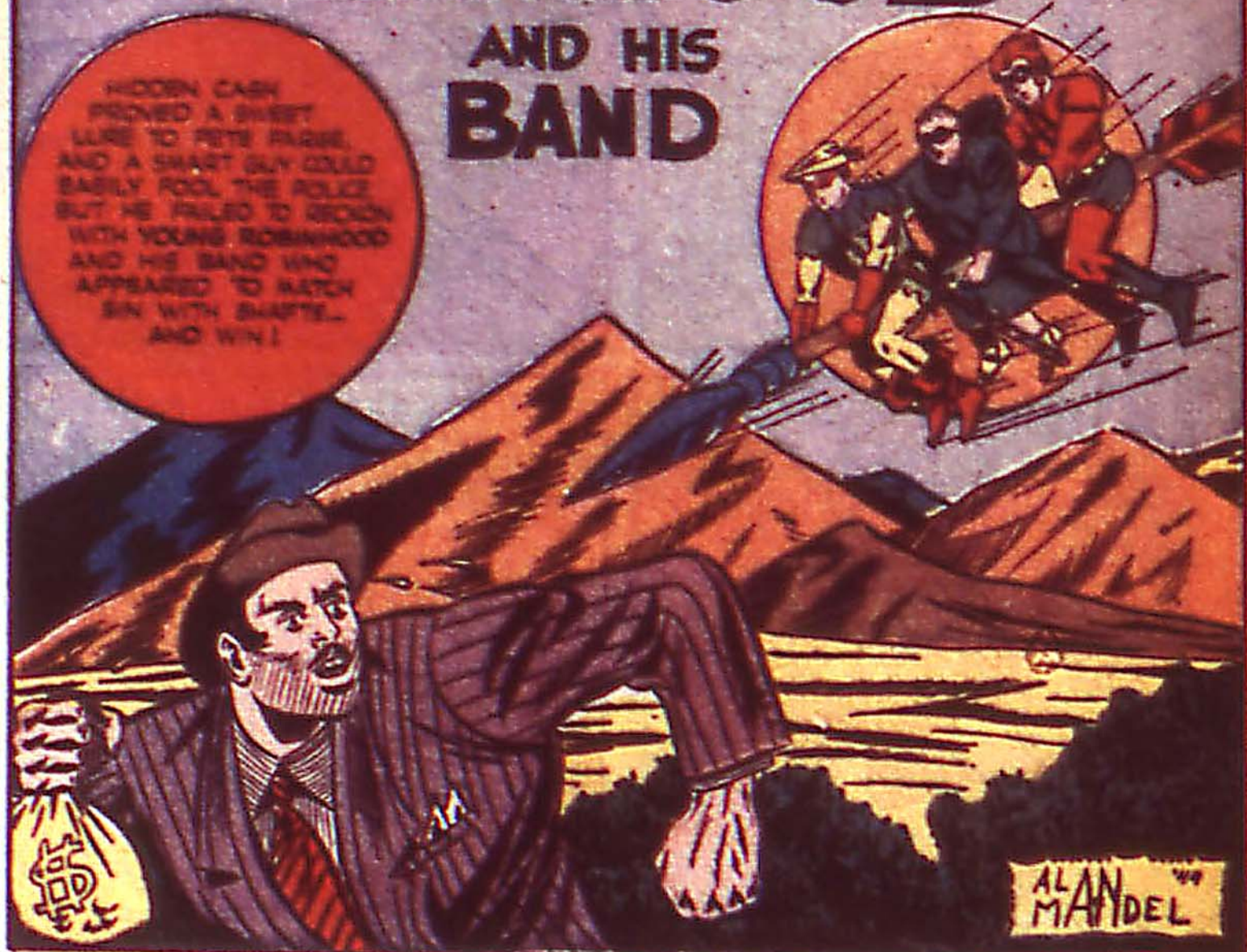




Young ROBINHOOD

AND HIS BAND

HIDDEN CASH
PROVED A SHRED
WIRE TO PETE FARGE,
AND A SMART GUY COULD
EASILY FOOL THE POLICE.
BUT HE FAILED TO reckon
WITH YOUNG ROBINHOOD
AND HIS BAND WHO
APPEARED TO MATCH
BIN WITH SHUFFLE
AND WIN!



ALAN
MANDEL

GREETINGS, LADS!
AND ON YOUR
TOES!

HI, ROBINHOOD, AND
WHAT DOST OUR
LEADER HAVE TO
REPORT?

VERILY, AND
I HOPE IT IS
GOOD NEWS,
SIRE!

ALL JESTING ASIDE,
LADS! WE'VE GOT
AN OPPORTUNITY TO
DO SOMETHING BIG
FOR THE CITY!

HAS IT GOT SOMETHING
TO DO WITH THAT PUNK,
PETE FARGE, BEING
RELEASED FROM
PRISON, ROBIN?



IT SURE HAS! PETE SERVED HIS TEN YEARS FOR ROBBERY AND WILL BE RELEASED TODAY! THE DEVIL'S GOT OVER \$200,000 OF THE CITY'S MONEY HIDDEN SOMEWHERE, AND I PLAN TO RETURN IT!

WOW! YOU MEAN HE'S KEPT IT HIDDEN ALL THIS TIME AND PLANS TO PICK IT UP NOW?

LET'S GET STARTED! I'LL TELL YOU THE REST ON THE WAY!

RIGHT!

AND ALTHOUGH THE CITY COULDN'T PROVE IT, THE LAW KNOWS HE HID IT OUT SOMEWHERE. THEY'VE PROMISED TO TURN HALF OF IT INTO WAR BONDS IF WE GET IT FOR THEM!

GOLLY, THAT'S SOMETHING TO WORK FOR!

GEE, ROBIN, ARE YOU SURE PETE DIDN'T HAVE SOMEONE ELSE HOLD THE MONEY FOR HIM?

NOT A CHANCE! HE WOULDN'T TRUST HIS OWN MOTHER WITH THAT MUCH DOUGH!

SHORTLY, A CAR DRIVES UP, AND PETE FARGE STEPS IN...

HOWYA, PETE! HOW'S THE FRESH AIR FEEL?

NEVER MIND THE CRACKS.. GET GOIN!

LISTEN, PETE, THE COPS ARE BOUND TA BE WATCHING YA SURE... WHY NOT TELL US WHERE YA HID THE CASH! WE'LL GET IT AND BRING IT TO YA!

NOT A CHANCE! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE WHEN THAT DOUGH IS PICKED UP AND DON'T WORRY—NO COPS GETTIN' WISE TO IT!

THAT'S HIS HOTEL! ALRIGHT, LADS, QUIET NOW...WE'LL SLIP IN AFTER THEM!





DIDJA GET THAT?
ONE OF THE PLAIN-
CLOTHES DICKS
WAITING FOR ME!
HA, HA!

HE'LL
BE THERE
ALL NIGHT!

AS PETE'S CAR SPEEDS INTO THE COUNTRY, AN-
OTHER CAR FOLLOWS SOME DISTANCE BEHIND.



ALL RIGHT, YOU
PUNKS! WALK IN
FRONT OF ME! I'M
NOT TAKING ANY
CHANCES OF BEING
BUMPED OFF WHEN
I DIG UP THE
DOUGH!

AW, 'WHATSA'
IDEA, PETE!
DON'T YA
TRUST US?



I DO NOT! NOW
GET GOING! OVER
TO THAT
STREAM!

THEY'RE HEADED
INTO THE WOODS
TOWARD A
STREAM!

GOSH! HE
CERTAINLY
WASN'T
TAKING ANY
CHANCES OF
HAVING HIS
ROTTEN STOLEN
MONEY
FOUND!

SPREAD OUT,
LADS! FORM
IN A SEMI-
CIRCLE AND
CONVERGE ON
THEM! REMEMBER,
NO ACTION UNTIL
HE DIGS UP HIS
LOOT!











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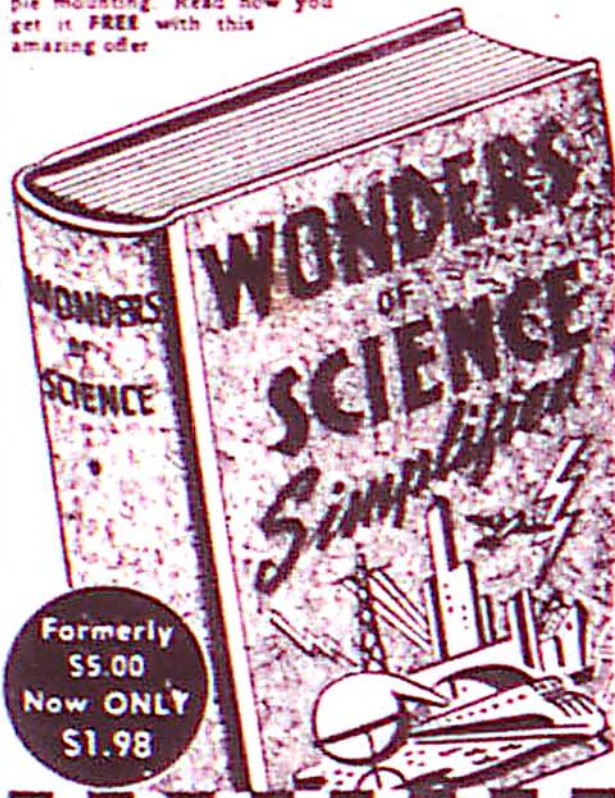
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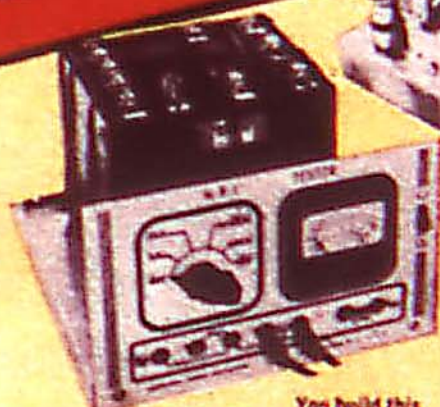
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